

THE FIRST BOOK
OF THE
Royal Chronicles,
WITH
THE TALES, AND PARABLES,
OF
Peter Pindar, Esq.
TO THE
ROYAL FARMER,
AT
Cheltenham Wells:

With NOTES, POETICAL, CRITICAL, HISTORICAL, and
EXPLANATORY;

K Translated from the Original ARABIC of
ISHMAEL ZAPHNAPHPAANIAH ZERUBBABEL.

*Then sang Israel this Song, spring up, O Well, sing ye unto it: the Princes digged
the Well, the Nobles of the People with their Staves, by the Direction of the Law-
giver. Numb. xxi. 17. 18.*

Entered at Stationers-Hall.

L O N D O N:

Printed for the AUTHOR, and Sold by T. MASSEY, Snow-Hill;
J. DEBRETT, Piccadilly; the Book-sellers at the Royal Exchange,
Paternoster-Row, the Strand, and New Bond-Street.

Price TWO SHILLINGS.

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W. O. Y. A. L. A. R. M. R. R.

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ROYAL CHRONICLES.

CHAP. I.

History of the Royal Farmer—his family and flocks—Stone and the amorous Barber banished—Memorable remarks to fix the date of the Chronicles—A sublime Ode to the Wells of Cheltenham, set to music by Peter Pindar.

THERE was a certain chief man in the land of Albion, whose name was GEORGE, and that man was great in his generation, holding several freehold farms, which he delighted to cultivate.

2. And the number of his people in the several provinces was deemed about twelve millions.*

3. His flocks and herds also were unnumbered, the account of his *horned cattle* was equal to the tale of his *be-asses*.

4. Also he had many sons and daughters born to him in the land, and their mother's name was *Charlotte*.

* This must have been Written by our Oriental Author, previous to the loss of the thirteen Western Farms, by Frederick, the High Steward of the Royal Farmer.

6. Behold the portrait of the peerless Princess drawn to the life, by the sapient Solomon, the King of Israel.

7. Superior to the pictures which were delineated by Reynolds, Ramsay, ** or Gainsborough.

8. ¶ And among all the delightful damsels of Albion were none found fairer than the daughters of George, and they dwelt with their father, waiting for *consolation* from a far country.

9. Lo! no man in those days dared to look at the damsels save two,

10. Who for prying impertinently were punished like *peeping Tom* of Coventry.

11. One of these *royal lovers* was set up as an image on the wall of Bethlem, even a pillar of *Stone*.§

12. While the other moon-struck genius, being a barber, was sent to shave his brethren in Bridewell.

** Prov. xxxi. 10—31.

*Stone and the Barber punished.**Chronological Remarks.*

13. ¶ Now it came to pass in the year of jubilee, even two hundred years after the *Grand Armada* was defeated ;

14. And one hundred after the great Revolution, even when *James* lost his three farms ;

15. In the self same year, when *Hastings* was impeached by Parliament, and by the Peers tried in the hall of *Rufus* ;

16. Moore being Metropolitan of the shepherds, even when he escaped the watery ordeal, as one not born to be drowned, in his passage to the Northern wells ;

17. When the chief shepherds of Albion spared not the lambs of the flocks, but fleeced the sheep and devoured the kids like ravenous wolves ;

18. When *Thurloe* sat on the wool-sack, and in his hand held the great seal of Albion ;

19. But not that which was stolen from his chamber when the watchmen slept ;

20. When *Pitt* was called the chief *butler* of the King, and also as principal *coachman*, sat on the box, and held the reins of government ;

21. Greasing well the wheels of his chariot with the fat of the land, and driving his royal master like *Jehu* ;

22. When *Sydney* and *Carmarthen* were the chief scribes, and the world swarmed with ready writers ;

23. In the year when *boxing* well pleased the princes and the people ;

Ver. 8. *And among all the delightful damsels of Albion, were none found fairer than the daughters of George, &c.*) The critical commentators are not agreed in the meaning of the original word *Zichla*, which is here rendered *fairer*. Some think that it refers to Job xlii. 15. "In all the land were no women found so fair as the daughters of Job." But that is flatly contradicted by the greatest of all modern commentators, in the following words.

Are Farmer George's daughters fairest,

Beheld by *Barber* and by *Stone* ;

My *Maiden Susan* is the rarest,

That e'er adorn'd a Monarch's throne.

Or *durst* I off my damsel look,

The next in beauty to my eye,

Would be the comely *pastry-cook*,

Of Fenchurch-Street, who crimps the pve,

And looks, and laughs, and heaves her swelling breast ;

Ador'd by all—but by the Poet *prest*.

PETER PINDAR'S COM.

§ When *Stone*, who was smit with the Princess's beauty, was examined by Dr. *Monro*, he was asked, what made him presume to aim at a personage so much elevated above the rank of a subject. He replied, I took the lady for Miss *Peggy Nicholson*, who truly is my *leading star*, as the song says,

My loving lad, ah ! was it so ?

Replied the merry mad *Monro*,

That alters quite the case.

Behold your *leading star* proves true,

And points to *Bethlem*—not to *Kew*—

That is your proper place.

*Memorable transactions.**Chronology continued.*

24. Even when at Odiham *Humphreys* conquered the King of the Jews, and Lord George Gordon was carried captive to Newgate;

25. When *Barrington* was brought back from Newcastle, and *Brodie* returned to his native North, to be hanged;

26. When the two chief rulers waxed wroth, and strove in anger as in the battle of bruifers;

27. Even until Pitt gained the victory, and the mastery of the *battered rolls*;

28. When the sooty sons of Ethiopia were favoured, and the fable *sweepers* saved from slavery, by the humane and generous sons of Albion;

29. In the year when a certain great lawyer, even Lloyd, was led between two of the *black cattle*, and a cunning man cried, *I spy a brother*;

30. When *Fawcett* lectured to the ladies at the Old-Jewry, and pleased the million of the metropolis by his tuneful strains;

31. When Priestly met half way the sons of Israel, and kicked away *Matthew* and *Luke* from their own Gospel;

32. To prepare a highway for the Hebrews, while Lord George tarried in the hold of Akerman 'till his beard was grown;

33. In the year when the *bawdy booksellers* bailed each other, and pert *Peter Pindar* was puffed by *K—*, who is also called *catch-penny*.

34. Even in that year, behold it came to pass that the great Royal Farmer went on his way, according to the advice of his chief *Baker*;

35. Even until he reached the salutary wells of water, which arise at *Cheltenham*.

36. There arrived he with his royal spouse, and certain of his sons and daughters, on the twelfth day of the seventh month, even in that memorable year.

37. Spring up, O well! sing, O *Peter Pindar*, of the fountain, as it

Ver. 36. *Then arrived he, &c.*) The following lines appear to approach nearer the simplicity of the original:

July the twelfth, in eighty eight,
As *Peter Pindar* tells,
The monarch, after *Blackbeath fight*,
Retir'd to *Cheltenham wells*.
Ye maids and youths of London city,
O fly! nor miss a sight so rare!
In all your scenes surpassing pretty,
You ne'er beheld a Monarch *there*.

You've seen him smile at *Whitbread's* Brew-house,
And view'd him at his pleatant Kew-house;
From Windsor-wood, which up the Thames is,
You've seen him hurling to Saint James's:
You've seen him seated on the throne,
Surrounded by the beaux and belles;
All sights you've seen—but one alone—
A *Royal Farmer* at the Wells.

Peter Pindar's Song.

flows to the Royal Farmer.

38. Are not the waters of Scarborough and Bath better than the spring of Cheltenham.

39. Lo, they are naught! they are naught, cries Peter Pindar.

40. What is water alone? faith the poet.

41. Water when mingled is good; *Ashly* of old composed the punch which pleased the people.

42. The maidens mixed the water of the Thames with the strong waters of *Langdale*,

43. Even in the day of desolation, when the precious pepper-mint was poured forth.

44. Then ran the Rum down the streets like a river, and the barrels of Brandy rolled to the damsels of the gate.

45. Even in the day of gladness, when they sang, saying,

46. Lo, the waters of life are poured into our pails; in their hats the pleased plunderers draw us the strong drink.

47. We will remember thee, O Gordon, in our Song, yea in our cups we will praise thee.

48. Let the Princes be pleased with the German-Spa, the wells of Cheltenham may delight the Princes.

48. But behold, when the damsels desired a dram, a barrel was broached by the blythsome boys.

49. Our cups run over, our aprons are steeped in gin, behold, our bellies are swelled by their bounty.

50. Ye sons of Israel walk not by the wells, until you squeeze your lemons into our pails.

51. O go your way to the great Grocer at the corner of the marketplace, and compel his busy boys to sweeten our drink with Molasses and all the produce of the Indian cane.

C H A P. II.

Peter Pindar's disappointment —

He is fond of witty inventions— invokes the Muse, and resolving to present himself to the Royal Farmer at the Wells, visits his uncle Ben in Houndsditch, and prepares for his Journey.

I N those days lived a certain bard named *Peter Pindar*, who aforetime had departed from Devonshire, to dwell in the land of Middlesex, where the King's dale is.

2 And when he had long looked for an immortal crown of bays, from the Royal Farmer, lo, the laurel was bestowed upon *brother Tom*.

3 ¶ Now it came to pass as the poet looked for a cup from his brother's *butt of Sack*.

4 *Magapica*, who hung in a cage at his window fronting the field, spake, saying;

5 Hast thou not called thyself *Peter Pindar*, and pleased the people by thy parables?

6 Hast thou not also erected a *School for Scandal*, to publish abroad thy witty inventions in rhyme?

7 Say not the Booksellers, among all the poets there is none like *Peter Pindar*?

8 ¶ And it came to pass on the twelfth day of the seventh month, as *Peter* played among the maggots on his musty manuscripts;

9 Even as *Barkley* combed the grey hairs of his sapient cranium:

10 That, behold, before the barber was aware, he broke forth in rapture, and uttered his voice, saying.

11. Awake, O mystic muse of *Albion*; awake, and utter a song in concert with *Peter Pindar* thy poet.

12 Bring *Lydia*, even thy learned sister, to my aid, and I will guide her feet

Peter's invocation,

feet into the King's kitchen,

13 Her eyes are two moons at the full, her mouth opens wide like the great gates of Rufus's-hall, on the first day of term, to the *black cattle*.

14 Her throat is open like that of the great fish which swallowed Jonah.

15 O Lydia, at one precious meal devour Tommy Warton and empty his butt of sack.

16 Yet know, O mystic muse of Milton, that Peter Pindar can write without thy aid.

The Barber's resolve.

17 How often hast thou dealt with me as an harlot, how frequently has thy sister served me like a strumpet.

18¶ Now when the barber beheld the British bard, sublimely soaring in his eagle flight to Parnassus.

19 He said in his heart, what portion have I in Peter Pindar?

20 I will quickly pack up my combs and curling tongs, my puff also, with my powder and pomatum.

21 And sojourn towards the west, to drink with the Royal Farmer the waters of the wells.

Ver. 11. *Awake, O mystic muse, &c.*) In plain prose it is impossible to do justice to our bold British Bard. The original is truly emphatical, and forms a kind of metre and rhyme. Indeed Peter appears to be so much habituated to verse, that he says grace, talks at table, gives his toasts, and courts his fair Susan, all in the sublime strains of poetry—the language of the Gods. Two of *Butler's* lines in his *Hudibras*, with a slight variation, seem to suit our poet.

For Peter nat'ral 'tis to speak
In rhyme, as 'tis for pigs to squeak.

We therefore present the reader with the following poetical translation of Peter's invocation; proposing to pursue the same plan occasionally, in the course of our commentary. The critic, in the 7th line, will observe that the name *Heliogabalus* is not divided according to the rules of spelling, but that is an inaccuracy pardonable enough in such original rhymes as Pindar's.

SUSAN awake, my mystic muse,
And with thee bring thy sister *Lydia*;
Who piles her pies, and bakes, and stews,
By maxims from th' *Encyclopædia*.
She's artful as queen fairy *Mab*,
T' inspire her poet's tuneful tale;
On fish she feeds like *Heliogab-*

Alus, her mouth's like *Jonah's* whale:

O Lydia, now thy bard but fix thine heart on,
Ope wide thy mill-door mouth, and swallow *Tommy Warton*.

My theme concerns the King,
Of Cheltenham I sublimely sing,
To Heav'n I soar,
Unmindful whether thou'rt a maid or w—e,
Come *now*, or curse me—if I ask thee more!

VARIATION.

The invocation of Pindar, in some of his MSS. ends with the following couplet.

Muse, thou'rt as rank a baw'd as ever kiss'd
W—t's, p—x'd calve-skin of th' *Evangelist*.

Peter Pinder's uncle.

22 Who can tell but I may yet be promoted to honour, and peradventure be called Sir *Barkley*, even a Knight after the order of Margaret Nicholfon.

23 And when he had so said, he bowed to Peter Findar, and went on his way to Cheltenham.

24 ¶ Now it came to pass, when the spirit of Peter returned from its flight, that his eyes beheld not the barber.

25 And he took up his parable and said, I will arise and attire myself in the habiliments of an humble Hermit, and go hence to the wells of water.

26 Who knows but the Royal Farmer, whom I have long abused, though dumb to me at Westminster and Windsor, may yet speak at Cheltenham.

27 If happily I find favour in his sight, no more will I lash him with many stripes, nor employ the rod of my revenge.

28 Now will I go forth to saddle me mine ass, on which I have ridden ever since he was mine.

29 Claimeth he not kindred with the beast of Baalam, yea, he brayeth among many brethren.

30 ¶ And it came to pass before he departed, that he visited Benjamin, even his uncle, who dwelleth among the Hebrews.

31 Behold Benjamin in his generation was wiser than all the poets of Albion.

32 Homer, Virgil, Milton, Pope, and even *Peter Pinder*, were poor, when compared with Benjamin.

33 His silver and gold increased by scattering, and his goods formed a mountain higher than ever poet arose on *Parnassus*.

Peter's vision at the Pawnbrokers.

34 Of all the sons of Israel required he a pledge, and all the daughters of Jacob called him uncle.

35 Neither was Peter Pinder the only poet of the land, who claimed kindred with Benjamin;

36 For behold, day by day were the maps and the manuscripts, the books and the parchments, piled upon the petticoats, smocks, aprons, gowns and caps of the comely damfels of Duke's-Place.

37 Now when Peter the poet entered the dwelling of his rich uncle, he beheld the beauties of the maidens in the little boxes, as they undressed.

38 And he took up his parable, and said, lo! how goodly are thy tents, O uncle! and thy tabernacles, ye daughters of Israel

39 ¶ And it came to pass, when Peter had dined with his uncle and cousins, and also drank wine till he was made merry,

40 That he adorned himself in a long garment, which belonged to one of the masters in Israel.

41 And he filled a leathern bottle with precious liquor, and went on his way rejoicing, riding upon his ass, and the marvelling multitude looking at his gorgeous garment.

CHAP. III.

The poet meets the sorceress—his dream—he is cast into a ditch—his arrival at Cheltenham.

AND it came to pass, as Peter Pinder sojourned by the way, that he came to a caravansary, and there met a certain sorceress, who afore-time was burnt out from the *Tumbledown Dick*.

2 Who having often in the days of her past pilgrimage bestowed good

Peter dresses for Cheltenham.

good fortune on her friends, had now none remaining to herself.

3 And being obliged to borrow of the bard a penny, she promised that his dream in the night should be delightful.

4 Howbeit, when Peter awaked in the morning, his countenance was clouded with sadness, and his spirit greatly troubled.

5 But when he had drank a tumbler or twain, he rode on his way, and his soul revived.

6 But, behold, as he arrived on the border of the land of *Gloucester*, his ass stumbled, and kicked wantonly like *Jeshurun*,

7 And cast his rider into a deep ditch.

8 A certain woman name *Catherine Cole*, appeared unto Peter, and lifting him out of the ditch, set him again upon his ass.

9 ¶ Now it came to pass, as these twain travelled on the road, that Peter spoke in parables and poetry.

10 And the woman hearkened unto Peter, and in her turn began to divine.

11 Then was the bard glad, and thus told his dream to the augurers; promising a penny for the interpretation.

12 He said, behold, I stood by the side of a clear river, and a while gazed at the finny nations, as they shewed the sun their golden scales.

13 And a certain angler stood on the enameled margin, with his rod projected over the water.

14 And I saw in my dream, even as he waved his elastic wand, that he was well pleased with the sport;

15 Even as often also I have been when fishing in troubled water, having baited for gudgeons.

Peter's dream.

16 But behold, as I drew nearer the brink of the water, the barbed hook of the angler caught me, even me also, by the *jaw-bone*.

17 And my ass braying, bade me remember the weapon of war wielded by Samson.

18 Now it came to pass, when the angler again waved his rod that I was quick suspended like *Abalom* on the branch of an oak which overspread the river,

19 So while I hung like *Haman*, I cried aloud, and I awoke, and behold it was a dream.

20 Howbeit in the morning the maid Mary discovered the bed defiled, and demanded two pence.

21 And it came to pass, that *Catherine Cole*, when she heard the dream of the poet,

22 Cried aloud, and howled like one of the witches of the wood,

23 Inasmuch that Peter's ass again cast his rider into the mire, in which he wallowed many minutes, like a sow after she is washed.

24 And while he wallowed, the woman disappeared; howbeit in process of time, Peter freed himself, and whipped his ass all the way to the wells of Cheltenham.

C H A P. IV.

The Royal Farmer takes Peter Pindar for the Hermit of the cave. The bard drinks from his leathern bottle—His song—He prepares to repeat his parables—The fine Oriental fowl described. The birds of the air form a general council, to try the Peacock.

W H E N Farmer George, and those who were with him at the well, beheld Peter Pindar approaching the watering place,

2 They said one to another is not this

Peter taken for a Conjuror.

this the Hermit, named *Roger Rimmon*, whose residence is in a cave by the side of the forest?

3 Lo, is not he deemed a diviner by all the people of the province?

4 Also is he not famed among the farmers for sage sayings, and auguring in dark parables?

5 Now when Peter drew nigh, and heard their reasoning, he said in his heart,

6 Behold, is not this the first time that wise men have considered me as a conjuror?

7 ¶ Now Peter Pindar bowed to the Royal Farmer, and drank from the leathern bottle, which his uncle Benjamin had filled.

8 And he sang, saying: lo, the Princes and Peers of the land are pleased with plain water,

9 But the poet pants for the superior spring, even that which flows from the high hill of *Parnassus*.

10 Lo, into the horn of my uncle, I pour forth the inspiring nectar, which even would make *Warton* wiser than *Whitehead*.

11 ¶ While Peter so sang, one of the Lords, on whose hand the Royal Farmer leaned, spake, saying:

12 Behold, how the sage Hermit imitates yonder cock amid the hens by the water!

13 With every sip he listeth up

Peter's Song to the bards.

his head, croweth aloud, and clappeth his wings, as if he would fly to Heaven.

14 And the chief Butler, who also gave the cup of cordial into George's hand,

15 Said to the supposed Hermit, dost thou receive thy strong drink from Peter Pindar the arch-poet?

16 Lo, as he yet spake, Peter held up his bottle on high, and waved the precious liquor of his uncle around his sapient pericranium;

17 Saying; behold the nectar in which even the Gods delight.

18 Even the water that raised into rapture my great progenitor.

19 By this also was kindled the fire of *Homer*; the flame of *Milton* was kept alive, by its inspiration!

20 *Virgil* tasted the cup, but drank not so deep as the geniuses of Greece.

21 O come unto me, ye bards of Britain, even all of you, from little *Rufus** the circulating barber of Shoe-Lane, up to *Tommy Warton*, who sings of *Windfor's muddy wall*.

22 ¶ Now it came to pass, when Peter again had drank from his bottle, like old *Cole* in the Minor,

23 That his countenance grew like scarlet, and his eyes looked as if starting to run a race to Heaven.

* *Little Rufus* was lately a penny barber, and bled his patients as a barber-surgeon. He became candidate for the important place of royal dentist, proposing in his bills, to draw all the teeth of the nobility into the bargain. Failing of his enterprise, he became bard, bookseller, and circulating librarian. The transition he excused on the score of so many booksellers, and authors becoming barbers, surgeons, and quack doctors. It would indeed puzzle the pate of even *Peter Pindar* the physician, to account for the odd whim of pamphlet sellers and stationers, in selling *Daffy's Elixir*, *Hunter's Restoratives*, *Tuntell's Oriental Vegetable Cordial*, &c. Much better would it become some of them to cry *small coal*, or exclaim *last dying words*, or whisper *black your honour! Quack! quack! quack!*

His parable of the fowl.

24 He strutted round the well like a Turkey-cock, and stretched his neck like a *Goose* more than an eagle.

25 Then the Farmer and those who were with him, perceived that the Hermit was intent upon utterance ;

26 And sat down on the flowery bank by the well, and listened to the parables of Peter, who thus cried :

27 ¶ Behold, this morning, as the dawn spread it drops upon the plain, and hung the brambles about my cave with orient pearls ;

28 As I was musing on oppression, and meditating on the cruelty of eastern tyrants,

29 I looked, and lo, a glorious fine *fowl* perched upon a bush.

30 His wings were dipped in gold, his head was crowned with gems, diamonds and precious stones adorned his breast.

31 And he spread his train, which was ornamented with stars : the shield of *Achilles* was not more glorious.

32 He clapped his scarlet wings, dipped in the dye of Asia, and crowed aloud.

33 Lo, as I mused, he was suddenly surrounded by a flock of birds of every colour after their kind.

34 And one of the fierce fowls cried in my hearing, whose voice I easily understood, saying :

35 Go to, let us pluck the fine feathers from this stranger, until he be bare even like a goose of the land of Lincoln,

36 When it is despoiled of its plumes for the poets, and its down to make pillows for the princes.

37 ¶ And it came to pass, as the black raven croaked, that the

The Eagle picks up the diamond.

stranger, which was called the *Peacock*, cast a great *diamond* from his breast to the eagle.

38 Who picked it up, and flew to the summit of the rock ;

39 Even where he had built his nest, and to which no other fowl could soar.

40 And the eagle made proclamation to all the birds of Albion, that they might prepare to trie the stranger ; himself being the *Chief Justice in Air*.

41 At his voice, lo, they quickly assembled, and formed a general council.

42 As they met, each envied the gaudy plumes of the peerless *Peacock* ; eagerly eying the glory of his crown, and the beauty of his train.

43 ¶ And with one consent they all perched upon the boughs of a certain great tree.

44 Which of old was planted in Albion, and now flourisheth like *Labenon*.

45 And the name of the sacred tree is called *Liberty*, even to this day.

C H A P. V.

Peter's parable of the great tree—the Roman eagle—Hengist and Horsa—Farmer Alfred—the Normans—Danes—York and Lancaster—the Caledonian farmers—Farmer George.

NOW it came to pass, when the Royal Farmer heard the Hermit talk in this wise,

2 That he commanded him to speak of the Tree of Liberty more largely,

3 Peter therefore again took up his parable, and proceeded to please his audience, saying :

4 ¶ Behold, when the isle of Albion

Liberty tree described.

bion arose from the ocean,

5 The recording Angel, by the decree of Heaven, planted a tree in its centre.

6 And in process of time it raised its towering top to the Skies, and appeared like the curious scale which the patriarch of old beheld in vision.

7 The birds of the air built their nests amid its bounteous boughs, while barbarous Britons abode beneath its shade in safety;

8 Even until the Roman eagle flew to the rocks of Albion, and perched upon the comely tree.

9 He gave new laws to the uncultivated tribes, and fresh vigor to the root of the renowned plant.

10 ¶ Amid the madness of the multitude, it stood firm and unmoved in its root, and so may it remain forever. Selah.

11 *Hengist* and *Horfa* beheld it flourish, as they arrived on the Cantian coast.

12 *Farmer Alfred* dug round its root; causing its spreading branches to bloom and blossom; then much fruit adorned the tree.

13 Its golden apples were pleasant to the eye, its leaves were for the healing of the nations, who also tasted of the delicious fruit.

14 Lo, it stood the fury of the *Danish* blasts; the loud storms of the *Norman* winter could not make bare its boughs.

15 *York* and *Lancaster* warred in wrath; their garments were rolled in blood.

16 The sword of the mighty drank the blood of the slain, who fell in defence of the generous plant.

17 Heaven born *Edward* beheld it bud, and bade it bloom like the tree of Paradise.

Peter Pindar's tale.

18 His *sanguine Sister* sought to destroy the tree, and cause its deep root to perish forever!

19 But, behold, she set like a baneful star, and the *Virgin Queen* arose like the sun in the morning.

20 Long *Eliza* watered the pleasing plant, and its branches spread even to the *Hesperian* regions.

21 The *pseudo-Solomon* came from *Caledonia*, and spake his parable upon its virtues, but the fruit, neither he nor his sons ever tasted with delight.

22 His son, and his son's sons strove to hew down the peerless plant, and wrought their own ruin in the mad attempt.

23 Until the *great Deliverer*, at the cry of the people, fenced it round, and blessed all its branches.

24 ¶ Behold, also, O Royal Farmer, thy family was chosen to protect the plant.

25 In thy days has its branches spread even to the rising of the sun.

26 Under its beauteous boughs the *Orient* princes sought an asylum, even until they were plundered; lo, they appeal this day, to thee and thy people for justice!

27 Their proud oppressor approacheth thy gate; thy servants hold forth their hands.

28 Hath he hid his pearls in *Paris*? are the residue of his diamonds removed?

29 Hath he hired the sable scribes, and retained the sons of cunning?

30 Have the patriots no price? Have *Fox*, *Burke* and *Sheridan* refused a fee?

31 Arise and far remove the oppressors of thy people; let not the imperious have dominion in the East!

CHAP. VI.

Battle of the Barbers.

The battle of the royal barber and Rufus the bawdy bookseller. The procession of the fowls. The president appointed—the impeachment of the Peacock proposed.

their balls were composed of fine pomatum;

5 The powder which caused a white smoke was perfumed, and became pleasant to the spectators.

6 And it came to pass, when they had spent all their powder and pomatum, that the royal barber drew forth a sharp razor, wherewith aforetime he had shaved the Royal Farmer,

7 And little Rufus held up his bible, even Fanny Hill, as a shield; Rochester and Wilkes being his weapons of War.

8 And the chief Butler, when he beheld, the royal barber beat the bawdy-bookfeller, also called the silly shaver, sent one of his officers,

WHEN Peter Pindar saw that his sage sayings pleased the Royal Farmer; his spouse also, with certain of his sons and daughter, at the well of water,

2 He was proceeding in his parables, when, lo, the Royal barber, and Rufus, the bawdy-bookfeller, even the little poet of Shoe-lane*,

3 Fought together, at the distance of about half a furlong from the fountain.

4 Puffs had they for pistols, and

* I am not clear but our oriental author means *Barkley* the barber of Peter Pinder; who being once employed to shave a great man's butler, as Pamphlet says in the upholsterer, had presumption enough to write over the door of his hotel at Cheltenham—*Hair-dresser to the King*. This certainly was sufficient to affront the real royal barber, whose hand, by drinking a horn of Peter Pindar's cordial, was rendered rather unsteady. He employed his chaplain (*Rufus*) to pen him a challenge, and dispatched his boy with it to poor *Barkley*. It was accepted—and the time and place appointed,—but their weapons of war, as we find in v. 4, 5, were harmless, and no wise dangerous to the heroes.

It is reported, that the supposed Hermit, who now is amusing the Royal Farmer, introduced a poetical apostrophe upon the occasion, though in the text there are no traces of such a production. It runs thus:

Now Pindar, to prevent the fray,
Hung out the golden scales,
In which his uncle us'd to weigh
Who stands up, and who fails.

No dread! no death! O Royal Farmer,
No perils play around their dire arms;
Be not alarmed nor thy charmer—
They fight with puffs instead of fire arms!

Though pure pomatum prove their balls,
And *Blackbeard's* thunder sounded louder,
Yet *Barkley puffs*, thy barber falls,
And sinks amid perfumed powder.

*The Eagle's proclamation.**The clean and unclean.*

cers, who took them both up; even as the kite in the fable took up the contending frogs;

9 And cast them into the rivulet by the way side, to the end that passengers might have sport with the peasants of Cheltenham.

10 ¶ Now it came to pass, after the battle of the *blackguards*, who fought not after the manner of *men*, but of *monkies*;

11 That Peter Pindar, as soon as his royal and noble auditors had resumed their seats on the velvet moss,

12 Thus continued his parable of the strange bird, at the command of the Royal Farmer, saying:

13 ¶ Behold, O George, as I stood at the entrance of my cell in the Forest,

14 The Eagle uttered his loud voice, even as thou criest to thy servants when the harvest is ripe.

15 And lo, the sky was suddenly darkened, even as when the locusts made fable the land of *Ham*.

16 The fowls of the air flocked together, even as their progenitors flew to the ark in the days of *Noah*.

17 And the eagle received them as they alighted in the forest of the great tree, of which I have said much.

18 The pigeons, after their kind, from every dove-cote in all thy farms, and they were followed by the *bats* and the *owls*.

19 The *black ravens* of the valley came next, croaking for their prey; longing to pluck out the eyes of the *Peacock*.

20 Behold, from the barren isle of *Bass*, flew an innumerable flock of *Wild-geese*, to winter in a happier clime than the rocks of *Caledonia*.

21 The *ducks* waddled on their way, and quacked as they came to the river which rolls round the tree,

22 The *geese*, the *swans*, the *herons*, and all the amphibious birds followed in procession.

23 The *magpies*, the *parrots*, and the *cuckows*, mingled their voices with the *rooks* and *ravens*.

24 The great *ostrich* stalked in the procession, regardless of its eggs and offspring.

25 Certain great *game cocks* also approached the grand council; strutting in their way thither;

26 Clapping also their wings, and crowing aloud; all eager for the fight in the *royal cock-pit*.

27 The *pelican* of the wilderness, the *owl* of the desert; the *stork* also and the *lapwing*, the *crane* and the *cormorant*, the *little owl* and the *great owl*, the *cuckow*,

28 And the *night hawk*, and certain other birds from all thy provinces, came forward;

29 Resolving implicitly to *buzz* with the *bee*, and follow the fiat of the ruling *game cocks* of the assembly

30 As they approached, the birds of music charmed the grove; the *nightingale*, the *thrush*, the *linnet* also and the *lark*, ravished my ear with their harmony.

31 For, lo, as they came, they *whistled* for want of thought and all agreed to continue whistling to the *chief musician*

32 Certain *hawks* also who had been bred in the *royal mews*, entered the great assembly, with their eyes fixed on the *peacock*.

33 Last of all, the *phœnix*, that phenomenon of nature, perched on the branch with the royal eagle.

34 ¶ And

34 ¶ And it came to pass, that a certain grave grey *parrot* was appointed president of the birds.

35 And when the eagle had spoken, the fowls sat down, to hear the articles of impeachment read by the clerk, even the *starling*, against the oriental *peacock*.

C H A P VII.

The house sits—the hawk speaks—the oration of the game cock—the harangue of the magpie—the Hibernian cock crows—the phoenix speaks—the order of the eagle—the reply of the ravens.

AND it came to pass as soon as silence prevailed.

2 That the hawk held up his articles of *impeachment*, and began his oration.

3 ¶ Lo! are we this day assembled, not to behold and gaze on the plumes, the rainbow plumes, the starry attire, the golden gems, the pearly peerless train of this peacock!

3 Those dazzle the eye of the unthinking, these hide his deformities from the penetration of little politicians.

4 But behold, it is our business to strip him of his ornaments, and then shall we spy a *vulture*!

5 Hath he not proved a bird of prey in disguise?

6 Hath not he devoured the vitals of the orient princes?

7 Came he not hither to amuse men, even the greatest men, nay the princes, with his *diamonds*?

8 Are we to be satisfied with plunder? are the spoils of the feathery tribes of Asia to bribe senators, as they bribe the *black ravens* of law?

9 Meaneth he to cast a feather of his tail to every *raven*, the jewels of his crown to the *eagle*, or the pinions of his golden wings to the *caledonian magpie*?

10 ¶ When the high soaring hawk,

even the penetrating bird of *Hibernia*,

11 Had ended his oration, one of the chief *game cocks*, who often had tried his strength in the royal pit, and with his keen spurs killed many of the King's cocks.

12 Thrice crowed aloud in the great assembly, and, clapping his wings, again crowed, saying:

13 My sentence, O senators, is to cast this *cock*, this *fugitive fowl*, in all his glory, with all his gems,

14 Into the royal cock-pit, and behold, I myself will prepare to give him battle.

15 ¶ Many of the ravens, when they heard this, croaked consent; for they longed for the feathers of the peacock.

16 For they said one to another, lo, we desire no more than the value of the fine plume which he hath cast to the eagle.

17 And all the feathers, save those which are left on his starry train, and these also which adorn his coronet, will we, this day divide with our fellow fighters.

18 When the hawk heard the murmuring of the multitude, and the croaking of the ravens,

19 He again arose, and thus uttered his voice.

20 Nay, but suffer me, who am bred to battles, and made bold by opposition,

21 To begin the fight with the *vulture*, according to the royal law of the *cock-pit*.

22 What though I am waxen poor, yet covet I not half so much as the fable ravens.

23 Even when I fed daintily in the king's *mews*, I disdained the food of the common falcons.

24 *Clive* was as a *kite*, and lo he is flown away to make his bed *under the earth*.

25 The rook *Rum* old d. appear-

Burke's oration.

ed when I discovered my bill.

26 And shall this strange bird of prey, this devourer of men, this plunderer of princes,

27 Think to escape the judgment that awaits the guilty, or seek an asylum, like the *kite*, in the lower shades?

28 Then shall the nations round Albion call us cowards, and all the cocks in congress be ordained to the dunghill, to be cast at by every beholder.

29 Are the laws like the web of the spider?

30 Doth the attenuated net but catch the *small*, to be broken by the *great*?

31 ¶ Then spread *Magapica* the caledonian, his variegated wings, and chattered, saying,

32 Behold, came I not forth from the frozen North,

33 Even to pry into the tyranny and pride of the Eastern birds of prey?

34 Grew not my voice harmonious to the senators? yea my accent was deemed the voice of an angel.

Last speech of Magapica.

35 The vultures of Asia trembled at my cry; and the *kite* and the *cormorant* became dead before me.

36 Then waged I war with the *owls*, and the *bats*; even the *game cocks* clapped their wings, when I fought the *hawkes* of the mews.

37 Until the royal eagle caught me up, and made my habitation on the rock.

38 Now dwell I in safety among the cliffs, and look down upon the *patriots* with scorn.

39 Yet no more trace I the wily ways of the peacock, nor view him in the path which even the vulture's eye never before penetrated.

40 I beheld him plunder the nest of the orient eagle, but will not accuse him. His feathers are not his own, yet hold I my tongue from chattering.

41 ¶ And a certain oriental fowl, called a *major** spoke much, and wrote more in favour of his friend the peacock;

42 Forasmuch as with him he had toiled in all the plunders of the Eastern princes.

43 ¶ But it came to pass that a

Ver. 40. *I beheld him plundering, &c.* Our caledonian orator, it must be owned, was the first who penetrated in earnest into the cruelties perpetrated in the East. Fox, Burke, and Sheridan, have but enlarged on the topics which he touched in his admirable oration, which met the applause of every humane member, as much as his secession from a cause so glorious as he once espoused, has insured the disgust of every feeling man, who loves liberty.

Titus Trap, and *Peter Peachem*,

Ceas'd not till *Barrington* was barr'd;

But why so keen?—It was to teach him—

They only wrought for the reward!

He doubles that—they turn the beam,

And in the charge they fling a flaw;

They from the *drop* his life redeem,

And he again defies the law.

* Major Scott, whose labour of love to *Hastings*, has been too conspicuous to be enlarged upon by our oriental Author, has not his speech recorded in the Royal Chronicles, having been blazoned abroad in every Grub-Street Chronicle.

The joy of the Lawyers.

certain celebrated fighting fowl, of the Hibernian breed, whose crowing had often pleased the people,

44 Clapped his wings, and crowed, even until the morning.

45 Infomuch that even the *phœnix* was moved, and exalted his voice against the cruelty and oppression of the peacock.

46 And when the marvellous bird had consented to the impeachment, lo all the birds which before held their peace, waiting his fiat,

47 Crowed aloud in concert with the patriot cocks three times.

48 And the pelican, the lapwing, the bat, the owl, the cuckow, the turkey-cock, the goose, the parrot, the magpye also, with the singing birds,

49 Changed their notes, and whistled *aye*, even until the rising of the sun.

50 ¶ Howbeit certain of the Sanhedrim, who were but barely feathered,

51 Devoutly wished to have diversion after so much dullness.

52 And behold the royal eagle, O Farmer George, who still perched on the sacred tree of liberty.

53 Commanded that the impeached peacock should be finally tried by all the noble *beasts* of the forest.

54 And certain of the ravens were glad at that saying, and croaked aloud for joy,

55 Saying in the *Fargon tongue*; O bird of heaven, live forever.

56 For thou hast raised a revenue to feed the ravens, and hast often promoted many of us to honour, for our great wisdom.

57 In perplexing perpetually mature counsels, and making easy things hard to be comprehended.

The Lords assemble.

58 ¶ Howbeit the rest of the great assembly wist not what to make of the matter.

59 For some believed the bird to be a beautiful orient peacock, and certain said he is a vulture.

60 Yet agreed the greater part to strip him of his peerless plumes, to the end it might be clearly seen,

61 Whether he was only a bird of prey, or a beast that devoured men.

C H A P. VIII.

The great tribunal erected—the procession of noble beasts.—Behemoth the president addresses the prisoner. The hawk opens the impeachment. Oration of the great game cock. His admirable picture of oppression, rapine and blood. The Royal Farmer rises from the well.—Peter Pindar proposes a new plan to obtain a pension.

NOW it came to pass, when Peter Pindar saw that his parables still drew the attention of the Royal Farmer,

2 That he again drank of the liquor from his great uncle's bottle, saying:

3 Came not forth the princes of the people to drink of the wells, and shall I alone remain without drink?

4 The sea drinks up the rivers, the sun drinks up the sea, and the stars are said by a certain bard, to drink up the sun, and then dance with the moon.*

5 And Peter again filled an horn, and held it up,

6 Saying, lo this shall inspire my tongue, even when the *Muse*, and *Mary*, and *Susan* no more assist me.

7 ¶ And he again took up his parable and spake, saying:

Procession of noble Beasts.

8 Know, O thou great Royal Farmer, that the eagle again exalted his voice on the tree of liberty.

9 And lo in his den roared aloud the lordly lion, and all the noble beasts of the forest came forth in order.

10 Behold *Behemoth*, having his mighty train borne by two beasts, was appointed president of the great tribunal.

11 As the deputy of the king of beasts he acted, and sat down on a pack of sheeps cloathing.

12 And lo, the stalking *elephant*, the wild *rhinoceros*, the *pied bull*, the comely *camel*, the diverting *dromedary*,

13 Sat down next the president, who read the proclamation of the lion, whose throne all bowed unto, although empty.

14 The big bellied *badger*, the dancing *bear*, the fattening *hog*, the

Procession continued.

terrible *tyger*, the spotted *leopard*, the ravenous *wolfe*;

15 Also the rank *ram*, the bearded *he-goat*, and a long train of other animals, some wild and some tame,

16 Approached the awful throne, yet remaining empty, and bowing the knee, sat down in the assembly.

17 ¶ And the *lion* sat down unseen by most of the beasts; on a flowery bank, to hear the trial of the peacock.

18 The royal lioness, and sundry of her young lions, also listened to the orations.

19 And behold, in the procession, the high bred horse pranced.

20 The braying of the *ass* also was heard, as he came next to the tribunal.

21 The snarling *dog* called him to order, and lo, he was deemed of the right breed of *King Charles*.

22 The antic *ape*, and the artful

C O M M E N T A R Y.

Ver. 10. *Behold, Behemoth, having his mighty train, &c.* The original signifies *most potent train*. Our Author appears to have had his eye on the description of this *portentous animal* in the Book of *Job*, chap. xxxix. 15. to the end; wherein his power and pride are strongly depicted. Indeed the greater part of the description seems adapted to the personage in the text, the president of this august assembly. — “Lo, now his strength is in his loins, and his force in the navel of his belly. He moveth his tail like a cedar, the sinews of — (vide the Bible) are wrapt together. His bones are as strong pieces of brass, even like bars of iron. — Behold, he drinketh up a river and hasteth not; he trusteth that he can draw up *Jordan* into his mouth. *He taketh it with his eyes, his nose pierceth through snares.*”

Great as this picture of *Behemoth* certainly must be allowed, Mrs. S —, can produce one more apt and better calculated to describe our *president*.

The Commentators on this character have pointed at the introduction of *Milton* to the speech of *Belial*, in the second book of *Paradise Lost*:

A fairer spirit lost not heav'n; he seem'd
For dignity compos'd, and high exploit,
But all was false and hollow.

Let the Reader recal his conduct in the debate relative to the last humane Act of the Legislature, in favor of the Slaves stolen from Africa by the dealers in human blood, and then read the rest of the character of *Belial* by the above celebrated Poet.

*Burke opens the charges.**Fox's Character.*

fox prepared the way of the nobles ; the one having his eye on the Hesperian apples, the other looking well to the goose.

23 The howling *hound* was followed by the humble *hare* ; the bleeding *hart* and swift *grey-hound* walked together in the procession.

24 But need I, O Royal Farmer, name all the beasts of thy boundless dominion.

25 According to their dignity they ranked, and each was a *juror* in his place to try the Peacock.

26 ¶ Now on each side of the court had the lion caused *men* to make a great gallery, that the fowls who had impeached the prisoner might have seats,

27 That their *bens* also, with their young ones, and the rest of their friends, might behold the solemnity.

28 Twelve *lions*, appointed by the great lion of the forest, also sat down on wool-packs.

29 Twenty-four *elders*, called also *shepherds* of Albion, appeared in their places.

30 ¶ And when they were all seated, behold, *Behemoth*, who can drink up a river at a draught, uttered his loud voice, and the prisoner was put to the bar.

31 Now the chief clerks of the president were two fable *he-cats*, who could squall even upon the house-top.

32 And when a certain *cur* had barked *O yes* thrice in the great hall of *Rufus*,

33 The chief clerk read the accusation, with the solemnity of an owl.

34 Behold, *Behemoth* again, with his thundering voice, shook the hall, and even the great tree trembled at his tremendous cry !

35 And he addressed the prisoner, peacock, and bade him be of good cheer.

36 The vulture answered the president, and bowed to the throne, on which sat a fine fowl of the female kind.

37 And the eyes of all the assembly were suddenly fixed upon the female, even until the high-bred hawk of Hibernia stood up in the center of the assembly.

38 All the noble beasts appeared petrified in his presence ; seeing not a bird of the lower assembly ever could match him.

39 ¶ And it came to pass, that the hawk, as the chief deputy of all the birds of Britain,

40 Exalted his voice against the prisoner at the bar, whose gaudy plumes stood upright.

41 Long dwelt he on the rapine and oppression of the peacock.

42 In his harangue also he loudly lamented the bloodshed and massacres, the robberies and murders, which the Vulture had perpetrated in the East.

43 By which he had adorned himself, and left bare the princes.

44 Behold, while he held up the peerless train of the prisoner, the court marvelled much.

45 The fretful *porcupine* raised its quills ; the *hedgehog* also erected its spikes, against which it is hard to kick.

46 At length the tuneful tongue of the accuser clave to the roof of his mouth ; no longer could it bear the burthen of so unsonorous a song.

47 ¶ Now it came to pass, when the hawk had ended his oration,

48 That, behold, the famous cock of Albion, so much revered by all thy people,

THE ROYAL CHRONICLES.

Sheridan's Oration.

49 Of whom great things have been spoken in all thy farms ;

50 Even he who afore time caused *Frederick* thy chief butler to tremble, and remove from thy royal presence,

51 Thrice crowed amid the assembled beasts, and met the praise of all thy people who love freedom.

52 ¶ After him arose the gamecock of *Thalia*, whose father had taught him elocution.

53 Who long had delighted the ladies of the land with his pleasant tales of the *Duenna*, and the *School* for *Scandal*, although he never would publish them, save in the theatre.

54 He stood up, and silence prevailed amid the nobles ; yea even the lawyers and ladies of the isle ceased from talking when he held up his hand.

55 All the birds of the air listened to his strains ; echo itself slept ; the winds ceased in the wood, and the trees forgot their waving to the gales.

56 ¶ In the sight of the assembly held he up garments rolled in blood.

57 His picture of plunder drew tears from every eye ; every bosom melted into sympathy.

58 His picture was drawn to the life ; the shield of *Achilles* in *Homer* was not more striking in its awful delineations.

59 The august assembly saw princes dragged in chains, and

His admirable picture.

princesses perishing under the proud oppressor !

60 Death in the inimitable scene, followed fast, mounted on his *pale horse* ;

61 Hurling hundreds of nobles to destruction, and putting to the sword thousands of the wretched.

62 O Albion, canst thou who lovest Liberty, suffer thy sons so to enslave thy peaceful nations !

63 O George, arise in just judgment, and hurl all thy rage upon oppressors !

64 ¶ And it came to pass, as Peter Pinder proceeded in representing the trial of the Vulture,

65 That behold, George, even the Royal Farmer, arose from the flowery bank, much amazed at the *picture in words* of the poet.

66 And straightway departed from the wells with his spouse §.

67 Howbeit, neither he nor his nobles, knew that the Hermit who talked was Peter the poet.

68 And behold, Pindar, before he departed from the well, again tasted of his uncle's nectar.

69 Then went he on his way, meditating on his pension.

70 Saying, hitherto have I proved successful, in gaining the royal ear.

71 No more will Peter pour poison into it, as in time past,

72 Even brother Tom shall write his New-year, and Birth-day Odes without my inspiration, as hitherto he has done without that of the muse.

§ Our oriental historian here, artfully enough, breaks off his narrative of *Hussings's trial*, in imitation of the Peers, with a design, no doubt, to resume the subject in his *Second Book of the Royal Chronicles*, when the prolific womb of time has produced the *catastrophe* ; which however, according to the opinion of the best *men midwives*, cannot be within nine months from this day. Then, or as soon after as the king returns to Cheltenham, and Peter Pindar meets him at the wells to continue his parables, may the world hope to behold the end of the *Comedy*.

C H A P. IX.

Peter Pindar's plan—the history of his amours with Dinah—he mixes the damfels milk—Dinah's character—Peter embraces her.

THEN said Peter Pindar in his heart, thus far hath my impudence helped me.

2 Lo, even as *Satan* sat at the ear of *Eve* in the garden, so have I assailed the ear of the king.

3 But, behold, should his guardian angel touch me with his spear,

4 He will cause me to arise in my own shape and hue.

5 What shall I say more to these things?

6 From my *School for Scandal*, have I written sundry epistles to the Royal Farmer.

7 Shall I yet welid the pen in wrath? shall I dip it in gall, or in milk and honey?

8 The *brewhouse* of *Whitebread* affords me no pension, save the lean reward of *Kearsley*.

9 *Blackbeath battle** is before me, but behold the wells of *Cheltenham* claim first the tuneful strain of my *Susan*.

10 I asked a pension, and lo, a pancake was refused!

11 Of the butler I craved a dinner, and he denied me a dumpling!

12 I will arise and bend my way to the wood, and in the recluse cavern, make a covenant with *Roger Rimmon*;

13 Even the hermit whom now I personate.

14 Came I not, like *Balaam*, from the East to curse Albion.

15 But should a pension prove the portion of Peter Pindar, he will turn his curses into blessings.

16 ¶ And it came to pass, as Peter went on his way to the wood,

17 That he lift up his eyes, and, through his spectacles, beheld a damsel named *Dinah*, milking the kine in a flowery meadow.

18 And he knew the damsel to have been his hand-maid, but she knew not her master in the hermit's garment, which he borrowed from Benjamin his uncle.

19 As she sang in concert with the birds of the forest, Peter sat down on the bank and listened to her song of love.

20 And when the damsel had filled her pail, she chose the path which led to the point where the poet sat.

21 When she came nigh, Peter said, hast thou, O fairest among women, this morning been mingling thy milk with honey?

22 The damsel answered Peter, saying; art thou that hermit of the cave, who can certainly divine?

23 Tell me, I pray thee, my fortune, by thy skill in auguring.

24 And Peter answered, thou sayest well: set down thy milk, and sit by my side.

* It is reported that Peter Pindar means to burlesque the late sham fight on *Blackbeath*, and through the medium of an ode to *Tommy Warton*, draw the character of the King, considered as a military man. It only remains for this British bard, to depict his sovereign—in his ecclesiastical capacity, when he goes to St. Paul's in November, to celebrate the general Jubilee, in memory of the Revolution.

Peter mingles her milk.

25 But first give me of thy milk to drink, and I will mingle it with *nectar*, and not in the manner of the metropolis.

25 Behold, thine eyes are like azure; but where is the beautiful blue that adorns the milk of Middlesex?

26 And he drew from his bag the leathern bottle of Benjamin, and filled a horn,

27 Which held a pint, after the measure of Westminster, but nigh twain, according to the *mug-measure* of Cheltenham.

28 ¶ Now the maiden was exceeding fair to look upon; and like fruit which is ripe, much to be desired.

29 Her eyes were diamonds, her cheeks the roses of summer.

30 Her lips were rubies, and her teeth ivory.

31 Her breasts bore the ripeness of autumn, her locks hung in ringlets,

32 Her voice was music, and her countenance comely as the face of morn.

33 And when Peter looked, lo, the God of love sported in her eyes.

34 He therefore squeezed her lily hand, and longed to sink into her silken arms.

35 ¶ Now when Dinah sat down, she tasted the nectar which Peter had mingled in his horn.

36 Also she owned that the liquor was good, and able to make one wise;

37 Yet were not her eyes opened to know that Peter was her old master, and not the hermit.

38 And, lo, when the damsel held out her fair hand, to learn her destiny,

39 Peter smiled, and told her all

The loves of Peter and Dinah.

that he had known of her in Middlesex.

40 And the damsel marvelled much, taking Peter to be a prophet.

41 Peter said in his heart, seeing the damsel is of Devonshire, wherefore should I fear to embrace her?

41 Lo, did not even the dear delightful duchess of the same province suffer a young man of the market place to embrace her?

42 Have not I often been taken for a butcher?

43 And when he had so said, he held Dinah in his arms, cast aside his assumed beard, and kissed her on the mossy bank.

C H A P. X.

The story of Dinah continued—Peter strives to entice her—but proves unsuccessful—The milk pail kicked down—Phæbe laps the milk—Peter flees, &c.

AND it came to pass, when the bard had blessed Dinah, and, in the spirit of his auguring, spoken of good things to come,

2 That he looked this way and that way, and saw no man.

3 And he embraced Dianah a second time, and kissed her, saying:

3 Hast thou never read, O fairest of women, how *Isaac* and *Rebeckah* sported in the open field?

4 And she said, yea; but were they wise to sport before a king?

5 ¶ And so it was, when the poet again had filled his *cornucopian* measure, that he gave the cup into Dinah's hand.

6 And as he was about to resume his parable, *Belial* entered into him, in the vehicle of nectar.

7 And when he spake kindly

unt

Merryman and Phœbe.

unto the damsel, she thrust him away, saying :

8 Behold, thou who pretendest to augur, knowest not that I hate thee.

9 And it came to pass, when Peter would have *humbled* the damsel,

10 That she struggled, and they twain kicked down the pail, and spilled the milk,

11 Even as certain kine, when they have yielded much, cast it upon the ground with a single kick of the heel.

12 ¶ Now *Phœbe*, a milk white animal of the canine kind, played with *Merryman*, a spruce spaniel, as they ran before their master the *chief butler*.

13 And these twain seeing the milk of *Dinah* run down the hill like a rivulet, left off sporting, and began to lap of the liquor.

14 When *Dinah* cried aloud for help, Peter arose and ran over the field, and *Merryman* and *Phœbe* ran after him.

15 And behold, as Peter climbed over the park pailing, *Phœbe* caught hold of his long garment,

16 And tore off the skirt thereof and ran with it to the master.

17 ¶ Now when the chief butler beheld *Dinah* weeping by the way side, his soul was moved within him.

18 Lo, as he mused on her beauty, the fire burned, and his tongue was attuned to softness, saying :

19 Tell me, O thou comliest of

* The caviling critic, whose conversation has been confined to the works of art, will here be apt to sneer at the damsel's simplicity, in not discovering the feigned hermit to have been her late master : especially as it is reported that Peter had made it needful for her to retire to the country for a season. Let such consider that he was artful enough to disguise his voice and manners, as well as his outward shape. *Dinah* often had heard of the hermit, and being full of the idea of his auguring, could not imagine a deception. It is evident

His overtures to Dinah.

all the daughters of Albion, why thou weepest !

20 Cry not because thou hast spilled thy milk ; am not I able to fill thy pail with *that* which is more precious.

21 And *Dinah* answered the chief butler, saying ;

22 Behold, the hermit of the cave, even the augur called *Roger Rimmon*, hath strove with me, to work *folly* in Albion.

23 And when he sought to *humble* me, lo, I cried, and thou art come to the help of thy hand-maid.

24 ¶ And while *Dinah* yet spake, *Phœbe* cast down the skirt of Peter's garment, at the feet of her master,

25 And with *Merryman* again lapped of the milk that was left.

26 And the Butler said unto *Dinah*, behold, my dogs drink of the milk of Gloucestershire with great delight.

27 *Dinah* answered him in this wise ; verily the milk of the city is mixed, and mine is not *baptized* with water.

28 And the butler said, hast thou also lived in the great city ?

29 And the damsel said, yea ; lo, I lived a whole year in the house of *Peter Pindar*, the famed poet of the metropolis, and who also was my *physician*.*

30 The chief Butler answered *Dinah*, saying :

31 Leave off thy milking the lowing

The promises of the chief Butler.

lowing kine, and live with me at Westminster.

32 But Dinah said, first avenge me of mine adversary the hermit.

33 And the chief butler took up the skirt of Peter's garment, and Dinah knew it.

34 And when the butler had embraced the damsel, and given her a piece of money with the image and superscription of the Royal Farmer,

35 He said, go in peace, and in the even-tide I will meet thee.

36 Then will I cause an officer to take by the throat the unhallowed hermit, and cast him into prison.

37 And on the morrow, shall he be delivered to the magistrate, and the magistrate shall give him up to the goaler, and the goaler shall send him to the executioner.

38 Verily, I say unto thee, he shall not come forth from Bridewell, until he has received forty and six stripes save one :

39 After that shall he be exalted to the utmost height of the pillory*.

C H A P. XI.

Peter repairs to the hermit's cave.

The speech of Roger Rimmon, Peter's project. The Royal Farmer in the forest. Peter prepares to entertain him by tales and parables.

PETER PINDAR the poet ran to the cave in the forest, and Roger Rimmon the hermit met him.

2 And Peter, who also had talked with the hermit aforetime, cried aloud ; hail, thou highly favoured recluse, even my dearly beloved Roger !

3 Rimmon said ; lo, thou art Peter Pindar the peerless poet, and beloved physician ; right welcome art thou to my mossy hermitage.

4 ¶ When the hermit looked, lo, he missed the skirt of the bard's garment, saying ;

5 Behold, who among the servants of the Sovereign hath rent thy cloaths ?

6 And Peter answered with dissimulation, even in this wise :

7 Lo, as I ascended the hill in my way from the wells, where I entertained the Royal Farmer and his spouse,

8 One

evident, however, no harm was done, as the common phrase is, otherwise a discovery might have been made, before the milk was kicked down. Her simplicity secured her virtue for that time, and, as will appear in the sequel, greatly mended her fortune, far above what the poet pretended to augur.

* O Dinah, fairest of the fair,
Canst thou thy sympathy thus hide well ?
Say, shall it prove thy Pindar's share
Of love—to be chastis'd in Bridewell ?
Are stripes his blessings in disguise,
Who durst his Dinah's beauties mention ?
No ! sooth the Butler, if thou'rt wise—
On Peter to bestow a pension :
Then from him draw thy matchless charms,
Thy love confess,
O come and press
Thy Poet in thy yielding filken arms !

Peter's feigned parable.

8 One of the wanton damsels met me, and her name was *Savage*.

9 And lo, this lady was learned in all the wisdom of *Aristotle* and *Graham*, and in her hand she held a book called the *School of Venus*.

10 As she was reading I looked, and lo, she knew *much more* than her mother.

11 And she lift up her sable eyes and spake kindly unto me, saying, tell me my destiny.

12 Having known her in Holborn, at the corner of the *lion*, I was well enabled to tell her the names of all her lovers;

13 Even from *Peter Fig*, whose picture appears in the print-shops in the Poultry,

14 To *Sammy Sugar Plumb* who is sung by the damsels of the Fleet-market.

15 And it came to pass, when I refused to satisfy her farther, that she laid hold of the skirt of my garment, and tore it away §.

16 And I fled from her, even as Joseph flew from his wanton mistress.

17 ¶ Roger Rimmon, when he heard the tale of Peter, rent his garment, saying:

18 Verily, thou hast more vir-

Peter's answer.

tue than me, I could not have resisted so fair a temptation,

19 For *I know of a truth* also, that of the many damsels who require to know of me their destiny, all are not virgins in England.

20 Howbeit *these* only were formed for *boys*, and not *men* like thee.

21 And now this day, glad am I to see thy face in peace;

22 For I know that thou art a *cunning man*, and canst truly do that which I only pretend to perform.

23 Tell me therefore, brother Peter, how I shall entertain the Royal Farmer this day.

24 For, lo, he cometh up from the wells to the wood, and with him a goodly company, to try me.

25 Who can tell but he may also enquire of me concerning thee?

26 And it shall come to pass, when he shall discover that I am no *conjurer*, that he will call me an impostor, and send me to Bride-well.

27 When Peter heard the saying of the hermit, he was glad, and smiled, saying;

28 Have not I studied the stars? Are not soothsaying and finging both derived from the *Druids*.*

29 My § The generality of Commentators consider this lady as one of Pindar's former favourites, who possessed not the simplicity of the damsel Dinah. Her name being rather *barbarous*, affords some reason for her forward demeanor to her suitors, as she may be supposed not inclinable to retain that maiden appendage. *Peter Fig*, who now makes as great a figure in the print-seller's window as in his own shop, though of the lady's trade, is already married to a grocer's fair daughter. As to the boys, who compose the burthen of the song, chaunted by the dear damsels of the Fleet-market, they are too *busy* to court the fair *Savage*, and too *learned* to write or read *love letters*. *Goody Gossiping Gibbons*, an itinerant pretended parson, sometime silenced, is said to have wrote some verses on our heroine, but they are too contemptible to be carried farther than *Mrs. Skinner's*, or read within the circle of Miss *Savage's* humble admirers.

* Certainly: for the *Druids* committed all their laws, and religious tenets

Peter's pretended omnipresence.

Peoples opinion of Roger.

29 My tongue is the pen of a ready writer, touching the king, I know all things.

30 Lo, when he walks at Windsor, I am there; when he sends his sheep to Smithfield, I behold him.

31 When he falls from his horse, I laugh loudly; when he rises I ridicule his riding.

32 When he was at Whitbread's I was with him, at Blackheath battle I attended his manœuvres *.

33 Let me therefore this day be in thy stead:

34 Only lend me I pray thee thy outer garment, and put on mine.

35 Then, reclined in thy cell, thou shalt look out of thy hole, and behold and hear all my pictures and parables.

36 ¶ Then Peter lift up his eyes, and looked, and lo, the master and his company approached the forest.

37 Now before the mouth of the cave was a goodly grove of tall trees, which at the top formed an arch, like the dome of a spacious temple,

38 And the great farmer, when he had bowed to Peter, whom yet

he supposed to be the hermit,

39 Sat down on a bank of flowers, in the midst of the grove.

40 The Royal spouse also, and her children, with the nobles, and young men and maidens,

41 Sat down around the rural cathedral, to hear the parables of Peter Pindar.

42 For the Royal Farmer had proposed a certain *theme*, to try the hermit's skill, and learn whether he was a *true man* or a *spy*.

43 And all the *cunning* people of the province, supposed Roger to be *Old Nixon* risen from the dead, save two,

44 Who being men of Coventry, believed him to possess the spirit of *Godina*.

45 And also one, who was persuaded, that he was the soul of *Peeping Tom*; but not *Tom Warton*, brother in the tuneful lay to *Peter Pindar*.

C H A P. XII.

Peter's four things—his parable of Palmer—The bishop's reply to Peter

to memory; all being in poetry for that purpose. Then, as to *sooth saying*, or *auguring*, that composed a great part of their profession. They performed it too in the manner in which Peter Pindar was about to auger—in offering *human sacrifice*.

* Although the heart of Peter Pindar is perpetually inditing a *good matter*, speaking of the things which he has made *touching the king*, as is expressed in the 28th verse, yet this apostrophe appears more applicable to the *post laureat*, as the following parody on a passage in Shakespear's Henry the fourth fully evinces:

Forbid my tongue, ye Powers, in your abodes,
To speak of *Warton*, in his birth-day Odes!
But I will haunt him where he lies asleep,
Or waking, *creeping up Parnassus'* steep;
And in his ear I'll hollow—*Tommy Warton!*
Awake! whip thy *Pegassus!* drive thy cart-on!—
Nothing my *Magpye* shall be taught to speak—
But *Tommy Warton!* that my *pig* shall squeak!

Petor.—Pindar prepares to present his comedy of the Electors.

Palmer and Pindar.

THESE are also Parables of Peter Pindar, which the wise men of Westminster copied out.

2 ¶ There be three things which go well, yea four that are comely in going:

3 The eye of an auctioneer rolling round the company, when he holds up the hammer;

4 A true note of the royal bank of Albion, which goes every where;

5 The tuneful tongue of an orator, or a wily wanton;

6 And a good guinea, to the going of which there is no gainfaying.

7 ¶ Look thou upon the sun, and see how impartially he spreads his rays around the horizon.

8 Not so act thy servants in their course, O Royal Master!

9 For, of late, two damsels of the city were willing *helpmates* to the master of the mint,

10 And one of them hath thy servants burnt with fire, and the other is left §.

11 Also *Wilkins*, the printer of Aldermanbury, and Lord George Gordon, the reformer of the laws,

12 Were grinding, under the displeasure of thy servants, at one mill, and lo, the printer is pardoned, and Gordon yet grindeth in prison †.

13 ¶ Also behold, Palmer the prince of players, was oppressed by the three wise kings of Westminster.

§ One woman for colouring silver was burnt, June 25th 1788, and the next month, another woman for coining silver, was saved from death.—If you pardon Dr. D——, you have murdered the P——'s, was a shrewd sentiment of a great lawyer in the privy-council,—but he, alas! is no longer a lawyer.

† It is uncertain whether this grinding of Gordon alludes to Samson when in the hands of the Philistines, or the two women grinding at the mill, when one shall be taken, and the other left.

14 Yet sufferest thou not the muses, even *Thalia* and *Melpomene* to rule in his *Royalty Theatre*, as thou sufferest them at Cheltenham.

15 Cast not Palmer down the tabernacle of Madlock, and on its ruins raised a stately theatre?

16 Of old the astronomers spake falsely, and now see we that the ancient sages have erred.

17 No more move the planets in their courses from the East.

18 Newton has led them by a way which our fathers knew not, even from the West of Heaven, to the East.

19 Even so, O Royal Farmer, suffer the science of the muses to prevail, and thou thyself as the golden sun, thy fair spouse as the silver moon,

20 And all thy children and nobles, as bright stars, shall move according to the right system, and adorn the new temple of Palmer.

21 ¶ Why also are thy servants wroth with Peter Pindar thy poet? why is not a pension proposed to make him mute even as *John* the Chamberlain of the city.

22 When a dog barketh, cast him a bone, and will he then bite thee?

23 Nay, but he will wag his tail and fawn upon thee;

24 Even when thou art proving thy oxen and thine asses; when thou walkest in thy field at Windsor,

or

Peter called to order.

or huntest in its forest.

25 ¶ And it came to pass, while the bard yet was speaking, that one of the nobles, on whose hand the king leaned,

26 Cried with a loud voice in the great vulgar tongue ;

27 O conjuror, thou art beside thyself: much *tippling*, hath made thee deviate from thy subject.

28 But he said, I am not digressing, most noble butler, but speaking the prologue to my play.

29 For the Farmer knoweth well these things whereof I speak freely; even as *Woodfall* knoweth the names of the senators.

30 Royal Farmer, readest thou the poems of Peter Pindar.

31 I know that thou readest them daily with delight.

32 Then the Farmer said unto Peter, almost thou prevailest upon me to give Pindar a pension.

33 And Peter said, would to Heaven, that *Tommy Warten* were not only almost, but altogether such as Peter Pindar, except this pension.

34 ¶ And when he had thus spoken the company sat still.

35 And the *bishop* who attended the Royal Farmer, said, this man might have been half way through his theme, had he not prated about *Palmer* and *Pindar* in his prologue.

36 Howbeit his *tales* are not tiresome; yet are his parables more pleasant.

37 ¶ And it came to pass, when the sage again had tasted the nectar from his bottle, that he thus spake:

38 Hear, all ye that have ears

Nimrod calls the Pack.

left; attend to the scenes which this day I present to the nobles of the land.

39 For, behold, even in this ample forest, I erect a *royal theatre*.

40 My *actors* are prepared, my *prompter* stands ready:

41 *Westminster* and its *electors* adorn the scenes; *Townsend* and *Hood* wait behind the curtains.

42 Lo, I myself am *manager*, in the grand exhibition.

C H A P. XIII.

The hermit draws a periphery. His incantation. He opens with Nimrod — The bounds called. A great bone cast to a favourite dog, who is whipped out of the common kennel.

NOW it came to pass, after Peter had taken the *cup*, that he waved his wand, and drew a circle, himself only remaining in the centre.

2 He opened his month, and cried with a loud voice, even in the *Egyptian* tongue, which no man save himself, could interpret.

3 Saying, come forth, O *Nimrod*, thou mighty hunter, and bring the *bounds* of thy kennels into this great theatre.

4 ¶ He spake, and lo, the founder of the first monarchy appeared; and the Royal Farmer beheld him through a glass.

5 And *Nimrod* sang a new song, saying?

6 Come forth my chearful hounds to the forest, and let the sound of the horn awake my huntsmen.

7 He sang, and the attuned dogs, caused

[Verse 6, Come forth, &c.] There is a small fragment, left out of 12 Stanzas, written by our bard, on the first morning of the late Westminster Election, which runs thus:

Attend

The hounds unequally sent.

caused the surrounding hills to echo with their voice.

9 And quickly the whole scene was filled, and the place resembled the valley of vision.

10 The North sent forth forty and five to the king's forest, even all Caledonia

11 And a little province in the western extremity of Albion, sent forty and four yoked two and two, even the land of copper and tin.

12 Lo, diverse dogs, having had their days of diversion, were accounted *corrupt* and noisome, *rotten* also as the boroughs which coupled them.

13 For every province produced its pair to the royal park, the cities also and corporations, save five, which each provided but a single hound.

14 A certain little city, even *Old Sarum*, containing only the house of an humble hind, sent its couple.

15 While towns, larger than five thousand such cities, sent not one to bark in the kennel, or hunt in the forest.

16 The great city sent four hounds even of the *Spartan* breed; but, lo, one of them had lost his *instinct*, and having a *bone*, left off barking.

17 The number of all the hounds, which were numbered in the royal chace, were five hundred, fifty and eight.

18 Lo all these belonged to the

The great bone cast.

common kennel, and the time of their hunting was appointed.

19 ¶ Now *Nimrod* the mighty hunter, kept also another pack, more noble than those of the *common kennel*, and not chosen by the people;

20 But picked from the other pack, and made *immortal* by the master.

21 ¶ In both these packs were many *mongrels*.

22 Sundry inclined to the *bull-breed*, and the *massifs*; certain were swift as roes, and others furious as tygers.

23 Certain delighted in the water, paddling after the sea fowls:

24 Many fawned upon the master, being of the right breed of *King Charles*.

25 Many ran with the chariot of the great Butler, and barked before his horses: behold, these were not without *black spots*, and their noise pleased him.

26 ¶ And it came to pass, as the *manager* of the play performed the part of a *chorus* to Farmer George,

27 Who repeated the words of the promptor, almost as loud as he pronounceth the responses at *Wind-for chapel*,

28 And proceeded to describe the virtues and qualities of the hounds,

29 That *Nimrod* caused his butler to cast a great bone, not bare, but full of fat, to certain of his favourites.

30 To one of the noble hounds also presented he a *bright collar*, on which

Attend, all my *hounds*, to the horn,
For 'tis pleasant to wake with the morn,—

And echo for *Townsend* or *Hood*.—

This is *Westminster fair*—

All my *huntsmen* are there;—

Nor *Sportsmen* were ever so good!

The Pack dispersed.

which was written *I serve.*

31 One of them to whom the bone and the bauble were cast, was a *water spaniel*, who had helped a great *Newfoundlander* to catch many *ducks*, and *sea-gulls*, on the western ocean.

32 His name was *Hood*; the same had been sent by the people of the West City yoked with the famous *Fox*, whom no man ever could bribe by a bone.

33 Now according to the Statutes of the *Common kennel*, which like the law of the *Medes* and *Persians*, cannot be altered,

34 Lo, every dog who snappeth at a bone,

35 Or rusheth his head into a *saucepan* in the royal kitchen;

36 Or dippeth in the dish with the chief butler, or snatcheth a *sop* in the *pan*, or is made free of the pantry,

37 Is the self same moment cast forth from the pack, even as the first parents of man were cast out of paradise.

38 Howbeit, should those who elected him, again choose to return the same hound, he may yet hunt in the forest, pick his bone in peace, and wear his *shining bauble* with pride.

38 ¶ Behold, therefore, *Hood* was hurried forth by his fellows, from the forest, gnawing the bone with his brethren.

40 Which when *Nimrod* saw, he sounded his horn, and scattered the whole pack over the farms; even until the return of the *hunting season*.

C H A P XIV.

A new Writ — Townsend opposes Hood at the election — The heroines

of the new Candidate.

AND it came to pass when *Blazon* had siezed the bone, that the master of the common assembly, even before the chief huntsman had scattered the hounds,

2 Signed an edict which he issued to the electors of Westminster, the king's native city;

3 Saying, behold, *Blazon*, whom you gladly chose at the last war in the West, hath slipped into the royal kitchen,

4 And is now gnawing the bone at which so long his chops watered.

5 Choose ye therefore one who shall represent you in the assembly, for lo, *Blazon* no longer is leagued with the *Fox*, but hath slipped his collar.

6 And the saying much pleased the people: also *Fox* and all the sons of freedom were glad.

7 For now every eye was opened save those that were blinded with the *yellow dust*, and *fair words* of the *chief butler*.

8 Also all the merchants groaned under the burthen of the taxes which *Pitt* had cast upon their shoulders.

9 And with one consent all the shopkeepers, who were oppressed, being burthened,

10 Cried out in the English tongue, no *Blazon*! no *Blazon*!

11 For lo, he barked, and a bone was cast to him: that is his portion.

12 One said, behold, were the sons of Albion born with saddles upon their backs, and bridles in their mouths, to be ridden upon like mules and asses?

14 And when the chiefs of the people were met, even at the great tavern of *Shakespeare*,

15 *Fox* stood up in the midst of

The elect ladies.

Peter's invocation.

them, and exhorted the electors to beware of the leaven of the *Scribes* and *Pharisees* of the Minister.

16 And he took *Townsend*, a young noble candidate, beloved by the people, and true to the cause of Freedom,

17 And presenting him to the people, said, choose ye this trusty youth to represent you, and assist me in your service.

18 ¶ And the comely *Countess*, even *Devonia*, went forth as aforetime, when the young man of the market kissed her, and smiled upon the people.

19 A certain noble lady of the house of *Cavendish* also honoured the people with her delightful presence, and obtained their promises to pursue their own good, by opposing *Blazon*.

20 The amiable *Rutland* also, even the dear *Duchess*, rejoiced the multitude by her soft sayings, and tuneful tales.

21 The beautiful *Stanhope* cast around her charms, and by her celestial song, attuned the Genius of Albion.

22 *Fox* and *Sheridan*, and all the patriots were pleased with the appearance of the Goddess *Liberty*, who hovered over the West city, and fanned the sons of Freedom with her heavenly wings.

23 As she alighted, lo, the Royal Farmer looked, and ended the first Act of the Conjuror's Comedy.

C H A P. XV.

The election of Westminster commences—The poet's invocation.

THE second act of the comedy, as represented to the company in the royal forest.

2 The scene is a great bear garden, and upon the hustings appear

foremost the two candidates, even Hood, whom the bard called *Blazon*,

3 And *Townsend* whom he surnamed *Dreadnought*.

4 Behold, amid the shouts of myriads, the flags wave in the air, to the sound of music.

5 The marrow-bones and cleavers are beat to melody by the butchers: the salt-box and the hurdy-gurdy present their harmony to the people.

6 The books are opened at the voice of the High Bailiff, and the people both small and great begin to poll.

7 Nevertheless, all were not off Westminster who swore in the day of election, neither were all house-keepers who polled.

8 ¶ And the Royal Farmer lift up his glass, and beheld in miniature the great metropolis.

9 And the fable lanes, and the darkling alleys opened to his eye, and poured out their inmates to the great day of battle.

10 The brothels also, and the Bridewells sent out their bravoos and hired heroes, and as they passed in procession, the poet counted their number, and named them.

11 Howbeit he still spake in parables: dark sayings and sage were his dear delight.

12 And lo, again he attuned his voice, and thus spake to his *Maid Susan*, even the Muse of fire — saying:

13 ¶ Sing, O fair sister, of the famed champions; draw them up in battle array, O Muse of Albion!

14 Thou assisted *Homer* in his catalogue of ships: *Virgil's* heroes heard thy voice and appeared.

15 By thy aid, the demons of Milton sprang up from the burning lake, and on the scorching marle

The Champions of Hood.

followed their leader.

15 O assist me also in representing to this royal assembly and noble company, heroes and heroines, surpassing those of *Greece* or *Rome*.

17 Which nor the *Iliad* records, nor the *Eneid* recalls, nor hell holds,

18¶ The supposed hermit ended, and lo, appeared the grand procession of illustrious champions.

C H A P. XVI.

The valiant heroes of Hood at the battle of Westminster.

THIS is the book of the bloody battle, as by the bard represented in the forest to the Royal Farmer.

The battle of Westminster.

2 ¶ Captain *Mac-merry*, led on the chosen band in array, amid the joyful sound of mock music.

3 *Humphreys* the son of *Broughton*, beef-eater to the king, held up his potent arm against the might of *Mendoza*.

4 *Death*, in all his terrors mounted his pale horse, and threatened destruction to the patriot heroes.

5 *Matthew Marrowbone* of the market, and *Giblet** the proud royal poulterer, opposite the little leather-seller in *Soho*, both boasted, that they had slain their thousands in the service of their country.

6 Next *Cambria*, surnamed *Oeconomy*, not the meagre apothecary of

POETICAL COMMENTARY,

Verse 3.

The Chiftain *Humphreys* whose uplifted arm,
At Odiam, could the Hebrew hero warm,
Ev'n he who taught athletic sons by rule,
The art of bravely boxing, at his school,
Advanc'd, amid the brethren in array,
To gain new glory on the important day:
Waiting his nod and eager at command,
Prepar'd, stood *Wapping* heroes in the strand,
By all the bawds o' th' brothels understood, —
Eager to dine with—not to die for *Hood*!

Verse 4.

Death dealt destruction, mounted on his steed,
As riding rampant for his master's meed;
Charm'd with the sight, the garden damsels sing,
Hood where's thy vict'ry? *Death*, O where thy sting?

* Some Expofitors read *Gibbet*, and think it alludes to one of the characters in the *Beaux Stratagem*, who is an associate with Captain *Hornslow*.—With this idea agree the following lines:

The royal poulterer's quite a beau,
Exclaim the damsels of *Soho*;
He's *Aimwell* in the play of *Farquhar's*,
But *Archer* mid the *Monmouth bakers*,
Boasting the myriads by him slain,
Of cocks and capons of the feath'ry train.

The quack Doctor.

Shakespear, but the *quack tormentor*, from the road that leads to that *bourn*, from whence few travellers ever return.*

7 Forth advanced this son of *Galen*, armed with his weapons of war;

8 Even his *pills* of mercury, his *bolusses* also, and plaisters for all the wounded in the war.

9 Ye daughters of the Cyprian shades, and ye sons of *Venus*, go to this quack, and by a long repentance pay for your pastime.

10 Lo, in his hand is *hell*, his shop is the way to destruction,

Procession of heroes.

11 ¶ Who is this that cometh up from *Westminster*, in the attire of a lovely *Levite*, attended by the daughters of song?

12 Lo, it is the new spruce parson of the chapel, where *Warner* once charmed the people.

13 Behold his notion is of a new organ; the damsels of music listen to his strains,

14 Who is this under the regimen of the Doctor? Who discovereth his disease in *Deuteronomy*?

15 It is the † Eunuch, even the great *Haberdasher*, in the attire of an harlot, and just returned from the

* This *Welch* Doctor, of Oxford-Street, who deals largely in a *certain disease*, is rightly surnamed *Oeconomy* by his patients, who even in the slightest cases of infection have suffered half a year under his torments. So long as he can drain the least money, his process of cure will certainly continue. However, though the conduct of this *quack* militates against the credit of the whole *materia medica*, yet the subjects of his direful imposition, may have ample reason afforded them to thank him as long as they live, after happily escaping from his hands: for no man in his right mind, after being in his *hell* or *purgatory* but half a year, will ever be again so presumptuous for a moment's pleasure, to pay *through the nose*, or

So long be tortured on the rack,
By N———es the imposing quack,
Or pay a pound for every pill,
The rascal gilds to try his skill.

† Ver. 15. *It is the Eunuch. &c.*) The original word signifies E——k, or one from the grand Seraglio of the great Turk. Our haberdasher in small wares, is, however, as fond of intrigues as ever the late Lord Baltimore was, whose manœuvres with Miss Woodcock are still in memory. The little anecdote of our hero the haberdasher in the round house of Covent garden, is in the mouth of every member of the School for Scandal. Poor E——k paid dear for dressing in the attire of *Clarinda's* mother, with whom he indulged an intrigue previous to his dressing. It seems the lady was pent up in a strong castle, and could only by stratagem be approached. Our hero, having read of the *wooden horse* in *Homer*, resolved to carry a plan, similar to that of the Greeks, into execution. He failed, however, in his scheme, and the watchmen, who go about the streets, found him in disguise, knocked him down, and lodged him safe in the watch-house. What was the consequence? O tremble to tell!—An *absence* occasioned by the absence of the fair-one has obliged him to apply to the quack doctor above alluded to. Mrs. P——r,

E

Clarinda's

The intriguing lover.

round-house in the garden.†

16 The fair *Clarinda* walketh by his side, admiring the motley drels of her mother on her beloved.

17 *Tommy Stiles* the puffer of pies, and *Willy Waddle*, follow the great Oilman *West* of Soho;

18 Who also leads on all the heroes in *Ragman's roll*, and also the busy barkers of Monmouth.

19 *Tommy Cole*, the first born of *Mary*, the *forcerefs*, no longer to-day deals in cabbage and cucumbers, nor cross-legged sits over the mouth of *hell*.

20 But, behold, with his long lost love, even his fellow *puppey*, appears in the scene under the care of the quack.

21 *Fowler* of the white kind, headed the heroes of the hatter's island, near the square of Canterbury, but was obliged to hide himself from the impending storm,

22 Even with the *bonny bar-maid* among the beer barrels, whilst his captain stood looking on.

23 In the comely cavalcade approached the boys of boxing, commanded by a hired hero of the Hebrews.

24 The champions of the Mint and Kent-Street, rode on asses, the barrow and basket virgins followed them with singing.

Southwark's Worthies.

25 Frank Filchly, lately escaped from the *Drop*, whose father finished his course at Kennington, whose mother tossed the pan-cake at the *Tumble-Down-Dick*,

26 Headed a goodly company of his brethren, born in *Bridewell*, and baptized by *Dunce Dyer* the pilferer of the poor's plate.

27 In their rear approached in procession, *Miss Betty Brandyface*, of *Bandyleg-walk*,

28 And *Golden Sally Skinflint*, from the bar of the Park, in Southwark,

29 Also *Carrotty Kitty*, attired in the cap of *Oconnelly*.

30 The pure virgins of *Salt-Petre Bank*, the musical midnight ladies of *Suar-Loaf-Court*, *Garlick-Hill*.

31 The milky maidens of *Petticoat-Lane*, and *Hockley in the Hole*,

32 Were guarded by the heroes of *Hood*, in the grand cavalcade.

33 *Crookfingered Frank*, commanded *Dick Dismal*, *Mark Midnight*, *Tim Terrible*, as leading on their troops.

34 The goodly company of scamps, *Kencrackers*, *Bucks*, *Bloods*, *Donedammes*, and *Divers*.*

35 Followed the fellowship of pimps, gamblers, fences, flashes, led

Clarinda's mother, has promised her gentle aid, and who knows but something may yet be done?

He found his *case* in Deuteronomy*,
And sought a *cure* in Quack Economy!

Deut. xxiii. 1.

†The ladies appear'd in the *Bridewell new dash*,
And so did the maidens of queer *Kitty Crank*;
Oconnelly's cut, and *Kilpatrick's new fash*,
Were wore by the damsels of *Salt Petre-Bank*.

Crook-

Harris's heroes:

on by Gibbet and *Hounslow*, two renowned chiefs from Newgate,

36 Who often defied the might of *Akerman*.

37 ¶ These are the high heroines, who, blazing in the list of *Harris*, waved their flags and attuned their tender tongues, in the war of Westminster.

38 Behold they were mustered by *Captain Cordial*,

39 Even *Tunbelly* the quack, who, like the children of Israel in the wilderness,

40 Made to himself a *God* to go before him, always visible.

41 *Lucy Lister*, *Susan Hill*, *Mary Bin*, and *Jane Johnson*: These were under *Oeconomy*.

42 *Rachel Richardson* of *Rathbone-Place*, *Lucy Lafcelles*, *Kitty Crosby*, attended the beauties of *Bull-and-Mouth-Street*.

43 *Sophia*, the fable beauty of the *Garden*, and fair *Fanny* of the *Woods* in *Leicester-Fields*, the damsel *Ross*, and the amazonian *Sims*.

44 *Miss George*, the *Grocer's* nymph of nineteen, and *Kitty Clinton*, nigh the *Hospital* of *Middlesex*.

45 *Betsey Clark* of *Steven-Street*, and the *caledonian* lads who sings, even *Dinah Douglass*.

46 The nymphs of *Kelley*, *Betsey*

The Damsels rise up to play.

Blake; *Mary Mountain*, *Catherine Keen*,

47 *Brandy Betsey*, *Chesterfield-Street*, the little: with *Ward*, *Rawlins*, *Sutton*, *Howard*, *Robinson*, *Lindsay*.

48 *Lewis*, *Pembroke*, *Lloyd*, and *Sarah Siddons*, of the garden of perfumes,

49 *Mary Malton*, *Betsey Magpie* at the punch bowl.

50 *Dinah Dangle*, *Dolly Devonshire*, *Nancy Newton*, and *Miss Townsend*.

51 The fair *Frazer*, and the immaculate *Emma*, at *Mother Grey's*.

52 *Miss S—n* of *Aldgate Pump*, *Phebe Burn*, and *Caus Fox*.

53 *Charlotte Cotton* and *Betsy Webster*, *Mary Spencer* and *Catherine Cowley*.

54 *Emma Elliot*, and *Harriot Burn*, *Fanny Henly*, and *Jenny Kibbard*.

55 *Dolly Dover* and *Dinah Dismal*.

56 ¶ These and the residue of the damsels were divided according to their *prices*, and they sat down and sang, and then rose up to play.

57 And as they shouted in the vulgar tongue, lo, *Peter Pindar* cried to the promptor,

58 Drop the curtain, for the second act of my comedy is closed*.

Crookfinger'd Frank who had oft' din'd by *diving*,

Or down to the cellar, or deep in the fobs,

With *Carrotty Kitty*, for ever contriving,

To give the *law's finisher* excellent jobs.

* Though the above catalogue may appear as dry as the first Chapter of the first Book of *Chronicles*, which, I believe, is seldom read in Churches, yet it is capable of being made both entertaining and interesting.

It is not long time since a wag dropped into *Shoreditch Church* one Sunday morning, and heard the *Curate* proclaim the banns between a great number

C H A P. XVII.

Dunstan's complaint.

The music of the maidens, Pindar is pleased at the prospect of a pension. The third Act begins. The song of Miss Mary Mandrake.

BEHOLD, between the acts of the play, Peter caused the damsels to sing to the Royal Farmer.

2 And to their sweet voices were attuned the violin, base-viol, drum, dulcimer, hautboy, trumpet, and all kinds of music.

3 And Farmer George being much merrier than all the men of his company, smiled upon Peter.

4 Which when the bard beheld, he anticipated a pension, and almost forgot his performance with the ravishing idea,

5 ¶ And when he was reminded of his theme, the manager again

founded and the third act of the comedy commenced.

6 Sir Jeffery Dunstan first appeared in the scene, and by his cry of *old Wigs for the Mayor of Garrat*, the company were made merry.*

7 And he said, woe is me, for I was in Bridewell, even when my opponent *Lord Shineall* was chosen in my stead.

8 Howbeit Margery Magpie sought to sooth the outcast member.

9 ¶ While Margery yet was speaking, lo, an uncounted multitude from Spitalfields, were led forward by a *West* city oil-man.

10 And behold, the lady of the noble Lord who was the chief in picking the great-bone cast to the new Lords of the ocean,

11 Sang in concert a new song with Miss Mandrake, the queen of

number of parties. The sound of the names so operated on his fancy, that when he indulged a soft repose in the afternoon, he imagined the Minister still speaking, but turning into rhyme the proclamation.

The following is a specimen of what he heard in vision :

I publish thus the banns between,
 Jack Cheshire and the widow Gloster,
 Both of the *Alley* that's between
 Petticoat Lane and Paternoster.
 Jeffery Dunstan, Betsey Brawling ;
 Gregory Greens, and Beatrice Bacon ;
 Carolus Creep, and Catherine Crawling ;
 Walter Whale, and Kitty Kraiken :
 Nat Nightingale, and Lucy Lark,
 Matthew Magpie, Suky Starling ;
 Johnny Knight, and Dinah Dark,
 Francis Fretful, Sally Snarling :
 Gregor Goose, and Goody Gander ;
 David Duck and Dolly Drake ;
 Moses *Mice*, Sue Alexander,
 Lemuel Butter, Catherine Cake.
 This certainly is the first time,
 That e'er these pairs were *ask'd* in rhyme.

The song of Lady C—.

and Mandrake.

the *Shrimps*,* saying:

12 Cast away, cast away, ye wily weavers of the fields, your woolen caps and green aprons, as in the great day of the Duke of Bedford.

13 Cease, O cease, the thundering of your busy looms; Let your wheels, like that of *Ixion*, whom music charmed, stand still until to-morrow.

14 Catch ye the pigeons this day of gladness, and let them bear the tidings of your mirth to your spouses.

15 Say ye no more, we are idle: Curse no more the man who presented you the turtle doves, to lead you from your looms.

16 Behold, Hood calls you this day to attire yourselves in the habiliments of Neptune.

17 Bring forth the robes of royalty, and let the heroes no more be clad in filthy garments.

18 The sloop-shops of Wapping are open; the haberdashers with him cloathed in the apparel of Palmer, unroll their ribbons, to decorate your caps.

19 Sing aloud, all ye that are burthened with taxes; for it is not likely your load will ever be lighter.

20 But, behold, the agents of the

mighty Minister solicit your voices; and is not the gold which they offer that which was yours?

21 Let not even the penny-barber to-day shave for silver, nor the cobbler measure his last without gold.

22 Even the pert taylor is rejoicing, and appears almost as glad, as when the land mourneth for the princes.

23 Improve the golden day, for it is short, ye poets of Parnassus.

24 Lo, to-day taste no water without wine and rum, and all the liquors which the muse hath mingled.

25 O ye grocers, cheesemongers, and tobacconists of Westminster, cast aside your weights which are *light things* in our eyes, that the court candidates may cast their gold into your scales.

26 Ye glaziers, tallow-chandlers, and tavern-keepers,

27 Rejoice and break forth into singing with every boy that breaks the windows of darkness,

28 Run to and fro, ye willing waiters of the taverns, bring forth a bottle of the best to attune our song.

29 Behold, how can the virgins be merry without wine?

30 Bring up the gin, the mint, the anniseed, the carraway, and the

Verse 6.

- * *Dunstan* (*Sir Jeffery*) who sprang from that saint,
Who once durst snap even *Old Nick* by the nose;
Pour'd out in procession his dreadful complaint,
'Cause he was in coop when *Lord Shineall* was chose.

Verse 11.

- * Moll of Bandy-leg-walk, the dread queen of the *shrimps*,
Attended the *genius* of *Hockley i' th' Hole*;
Pat Scarrow, Tim Trapes, the two prime of the pimps,
Brought on in their chair the baw'd Mother Cole.

The Election.

brandy: otherwise, lo,

31 ¶ The song of the damsels is ended.

C H A P. XVII.

The Foxites prevail. The dry land sailors. The priest of Brentford. His character He cast his eye on a maid. The flag hoisted.

THE Royal Farmer again lift up his eyes, and looked to behold the swelling scene.

2 And behold, an innumerable company of men appeared, shouting aloud, and they were clad like sailors.

3 But when *Fox*, even the great man of the people, beheld his friend *Townsend* prevail,

4 He ran round all the regions of Westminster,

5 And besought the people to come forth to his help against the oppressors and taxers.

6 And with one consent came they to the hustings, even as many as were not dead, but could feel the weight of their grievous burthens;

7 And polled for the new candi-

The mock Mariners.

date, who promised to relieve them, so far as he and his friends could.

8 ¶ Howbeit the beam turned the wrong way, while all marvelled.

6 But when the true men beheld the mock mariners,

10 They said one to another, behold, who ever before saw such sailors in Albion?

11 Was even the ragged regiment of *Falstaff* composed of such scarecrows?

12 And the *Amazonian* maids also appeared, and shamed the fresh water sailors upon dry land.

13 The heroines shouted aloud, and a general acclame prevailed amid the mixed multitude*.

14 And the Royal Farmer spake saying,

15 Who is this that cometh down from the hustings, and is running to Paterfson's.

16 And Peter said, lo, is he not the Levite, the late high Priest of Brentford, even he who disturbeth Albion.

17 On his right hand is the apostate apothecary of Westminster, and on his left *Tom Spectacles*, who brayeth

* It was generally allowed, that the ladies totally eclipsed the glory of Hood's mock mariners, which caused one of the bard's on the hustings, not *Churchill*, to exclaim in the words of Virgil :

Quales Theiciæ cum flumina Thermodoontis
Pulsant, & pietis bellantur Amazones armis :
Seu circum Hippoliten, seu cum ser martia curru
Penthesilea vesert. magnoque ululante tumultu
Fæminea exultant lunatis agmina peltis.

Æn. 11. v. 660.

§ This alludes to a very ostentatious *little genius*, bred an apothecary under a very good man, and who afterwards walked with *Dr. Hawes*, and was not. He is much addicted to singing, and pretends to be a poet. To sustain this character, he employs other bards to compose his songs, but never pays them.

It

The Mamalucks.

brayeth the mortar in Houndsditch.

18 He hath cast off his robes of sable, and in blood dyed his garments of gold and silver.

19 Behold, this is the patriot, who in the *halcyon* days of *Wilkes* and *Liberty*, even at midnight, danced a *Horne* pipe,

20 Amid the bowls, bottles, and glasses, on the table of the tavern.

21 ¶ And the Levite looked, and even *once* in his life, *smiled*,

22 When he cast his eyes upon a certain damsel, as she sang to the sailors, steering to the haven of the bear-garden.

23 And with the virgin went he straightway to an upper chamber,

24 To behold the bloody battle between the heroes of *Townsend*,

25 And the *Mamalucks*, & the *Amazonians*, and the *Jannisaries* of *Blazon*.

26 And a certain captain commanded the mariners on dry land.

The Sailors steer to the Garden,

27 Behold, was he not of the blood of *Hibernia*?

28 He sailed along the Strand, and reached the bay of the *Convent*;

29 And passing through the *Streights* of the hustings, he hoisted, his flag at *Low's Port*, and prepared to cannonade the strong castle of *Shakespeare*;

30 But *General Fox*, *Admiral Russel*, *Captain Sheridan*, *Lieutenant House*, and sundry other officers,

31 Stood upon the pinnacle of the castle, and laughed to scorn the approaching enemy;

32 Defying the desperate adventurers, even as *Elliot* defied the floating batteries, when the great rock was preserved.

C H A P. XIX.

Townsend possesses the fort.—the captain of the enemy is wounded by a woman

It is reported, that this son of *science* is above the fear of *Death*—for he married *his* daughter. He is most remarkable for wearing *spectacles*, and that has furnished our author with an apt name. From his infancy he has not been known an hour without spectacles. He served his time—sang at the *Horns*—rowed up the river on Sundays, visited the patients, married *Miss Death* and consummated the marriage—all in *spectacles*! Nay, it is even said, he not only reads, writes, marks, walks, courts, kisses, and talks in spectacles, but also, that he even sleeps and dreams in them,—that his vision may be the clearer: were these his *only lights* to be *eclipsed*—how great would be the *darkness*? Should his *gnomon* be dispoiled by an accident at a city feast of these absolutely needful—I had almost said *natural* appendages, he has another pair in his pocket ready. His spouse one day, during their mutual embraces, by chance knocked out one of his *eyes*, and he could proceed no farther—till it was replaced. If it were possible for him to appear in the Streets, or upon Change without Spectacles—he would be a stranger to all his acquaintances. No man would be able to recognize his *gnomon*—if unfortunately robbed of its best embellishment.

§ *Mamaluck* signifies in the *Syriac* a *hired soldier*

woman.—*The advice of the High Priest. The battle begins—catalogue of the killed and wounded.*

NOW the strong men of the patriots had taken possession of the principal posts of the Garden.

2 The walls of these forts were high, and fenced with the beauties of Britain.

3 And the Royal Farmer looked, and beheld the fourth act of Peter Pinder's play;

4 Which in his wisdom he was pleased to change to a deep tragedy; calling in the aid of *Melpomene*, in the place of *Thalia*.

5 ¶ And it came to pass, when the Hibernian leader, saw that his batteries affected not the strong hold of *Shakespeare*,

6 That he weighed anchor, and sailed towards *Port Paterfon*, even in the harbour of King-street.

7 But, behold, as the captain was casting anchor, in order that he might land his men, to take in wine and fresh provision.

8 Even as his flag-officer waved the colours, and all the eager mariners shouted at the sound of the salt-box,

9 That *Beatrice Bawling*, dandled in her apron a bottle which she had emptied with the potent priest of Brentford.

10 And she sang to the bottle, even as a nurse sings *bye bye* to a babby.

11 When the sailors shouted, she threw out the bottle, and it fell on the head of the captain.

12 Howbeit in that quarter met the bottle much resistance,

13 Insomuch that it flew down to his *gomen*, and the blood bursted out.

14 And behold, the bottle in its

Beatrice Bawling's bottle.

farther falling, would have cracked the crown of the oilman of Soho, but it was impregnable.

15 ¶ Lo, the rag-men of Rosemary-Lane, and the barkers of Monmouth Street, ran together, when they beheld their chief captain slain.

16 And it came to pass, when the Levite, who looked from a window,

17 Saw that the Hibernian captain was sorely wounded, he cried with a loud voice, saying;

18 How are the mighty fallen in the battle!

19 Howbeit, how inglorious is it thus to be overcome in the conflict by a filly maiden?

20 O captain, hast thou never read what *Abimelech* did, when an old woman, with the piece of a mill-stone, broke almost in twain his more penetrable pericranium?

21 Was he not wise to call to his armour-bearer, saying;

22 Draw thy sword, and slay me, that men say not of me, a woman slew him.

23 And his young man thrust him through, and he died.

24 But the captain could not speak, but wrote a letter with his own blood, to be left for the Levite.

25 ¶ And the sailors said one to another;

26 Go to, let us, attack the tavern and carry away all the bottles that are left unemptied of their liquor.

27 And while they prepared for a broadside, the strong men of the Patriots, rushing forth from the windows, and wielding their fists,

28 Carried ruin and destruction round the assailants.

29 Dibble Dolly, the toy bully of the city, who commanded a company

The battle of Westminster.

company of image-makers, led on his veterans, even till all perished in battle.

30 Tommy Cole, and twenty other taylors, carrying the goose and shears as the standard of their company up to the hustings,

31 Received their pay, previous to polling, but fell in the field, and lay dead on the bed of honour.

32 Peter the *Prater* of Charing-cross, who boasted himself to be some body, and ordered his troop to echo *Hood* forever!

33 Was suddenly slain by a random-shot from lady Betty the heroine, as in his right hand he held a tankard of entire.

34 Captain *Caldwall* in the engagement, soon after the first firing, had the precious spectacles, which composed his shield, dashed to pieces.

34 As well might the hostile toe have blown out his eyes, and even his brains into the bargain?

35 Where he bowed he fell flat; and his last words were, save my spectacles, else I perish!

36 *Death* himself, in the dread conflict, yielded up his crown, his dart also and his scythe, and was no more the terror of the patriots;

37 Whose shouts reached the skies, and resounded over the great city.

38 ¶ After him arose *Mount maché*, from the Postern of the great tower in the east;

39 Boasting, as one of the breed of *Billingsgate*, and trained amid the virgins at the fair of *Rosemary*.

40 His shield was a *sheet Almanack* on a paste-board, and he wore a crown of *fools-cap*;

41 As he vaunted, his eyes grew red; while he bellowed revenge, he went to *pot*.

42 ¶ Behold, as *Mount-Maché* lay gasping on the ground, and groaning among the slain,

43 A kindred hero, who beheld his fall, ran to rescue him from the open jaws of devouring death.

44 And this warrior was named *Lemuel Logography*, one of the princes of the *Devils*;

45 But better was he known at a village in *Surry* by the title of the *Clapham Bully*, for none served him but through fear, more than regard

46 Behold, he was one who served his god *Mammon*, with all his heart, and loved oppression with all his soul.

47 Beneath his roof abode not the rats, for they were starved; in his dwelling the poor found no asylum.

48 This is the hero who aforetime sought to beguile the *Peckham Gardener*, but was himself cozened at the last with the rest of his cunning company.

49 Lo, he advanced in the great battle of Westminster, and high in the air raised his pendant,

50 On which *Mamon* his master was drawn, and *this is my God*, printed with his own type.

51 And a certain devil, who had once served him for nought, looked and beheld his old parsimonious employer among the sable guards of the garden.

52 And charged a *pop-gun* with ink, and filled it with characters drawn from the printers' *pye*.

53 And the devil directed his piece at a venture, and smote *Lemuel Logography*,

54 Even upon a point that was vulnerable, and not on the threefold arch which secured the cavity of his head.

F

The battle of Westminster.

55 And he fell at the feet of his journey-men, who joined with the clapping devils, to hear the r—l roar, as loud as the north winds of *March*.

56 And as they bore him and his brother *Mount-mach*, to be buried, the poor of *Clapham* were glad, and all the villagers rejoiced *.

42 With *Peter Fig*, he rushed on to the battle, and lo, both the heroes fell together beneath the hand of the mighty *Meneata*.

43 Major *Tunbilly* remained true to the tankard; and thundered with his voice to his squadron:

44 Until, behold, a certain man of *Townsend* threw a bone at a venture, and smote him on the great globe which he carried before him, even the ark of his god.

45 As he fell, he perfumed the air, and the odoriferous smell delighted the damsels.

46 ¶ Now dread confusion and wild uproar, prevailed in the field of battle!

47 The weaving warriors wielded their weapons, until they were weary of working.

48 The sound of the salt box, the music of the marrow-bones and cleavers, with shouts of the people,

49 Drowned the groans of the wounded in the war, and the shrieks of the fallen in the field!

50 Until dismay and affright seized the sons of *Wapping* and *Spitalfields*.

51 Courage no more upheld the mock mariners; they fled, and great was the flight of the fugitives on the

The Sailors slain.

great day of *Westminster*.

52 ¶ And it came to pass, after the wounded were bore away, to undergo the process of quack N 1—s,

53 That men marvelled much, to behold the incredible number of the slain, laid low by the hands of the amazonian ladies, and the heroes of *Hibernia*.

54 These also are certain of the officers that were killed:

55 *Shineall*, *Lacklatin*, *Lyric*, *Gregory Grin*;

56 *Billy Button*, *Frank Philpot*, *Major Ogle*, *Captain Tripe*, *Peter Pettypan*,

57 *Dick Dismal*, *Frank Filchley*, *Mathew Marrowbone*;

58 And sundry more of rank and distinction, whose names are no more remembered in *Westminster*, being erased from the list of the living.

59 ¶ And it came to pass, after the slaughter of the sailors, that, lo, the king's soldiers took the field, and gloried in the spoil of the slain.

CHAP. XXI.

The boasting of Blazon. The people record the acts of Rodney. The Poll ends. Townsend chaired.—The Priest of Brentford's lamentation.

AND it came to pass, as the fifth act of the play began,

2 That, behold, *Blazon* boasted of his mighty acts in the West, and his left heroes sounded the trumpet of fame.

And

— Informe ca taver
Pestrobitor: nequunt expleri corda tuenda
Terribiles oculo, vultum, villo saque setis
Pectora sem feri, atque extinctes facibus ignes.

Rodney exalted.

Joy in Westminster.

3 And with one accord strove they to sink the renown of *Rodney*, even the Admiral whose temples are wreathed with laurel, remaining, immortal,

4 ¶ Howbeit the people were displeased with their boastings, and detected the false sayings which blazon posted up*.

5 And when the arm of *Rodney* was again raised, behold, *Fox* and his friends prevailed.

6 And the whole multitude of the free people shouted, saying;

7 Great is *Rodney* of the Albions, and *Hood* shall not rob him of his glory!

8 Let him alone, give not your voice to a place-man, nor poll for a pensioner of the premier.

9 ¶ And it came topass, when the polling was ended, that the manager cast up the number of the names,

10 And there appeared for *Townsend*, six thousand, three hundred, ninety and two.

11 The number of *Blazon* was five thousand, five hundred, sixty and nine.

12 ¶ Then was the new member lifted up on high by the people, and carried around the Garden, and the streets of Westminster.

13 The young men and maidens walked also in the grand procession,

F 3

* This brave Admiral was the first who revived the spirit of the nation, during the late unequal war with the surrounding nations, combined against Britain. Before he arose, a general dispondency prevailed. The commanders by sea and land were never less, and seemed to have sunk their wanted bravery. Dismay sat visible on every face, and terror, the most awful, shook the nation to the centre.

At this dreadful crisis, arose *RODNEY*, and soon covered an inbred magnanimity. He restored the dominions of the ocean to Britain, nobly preserved her plantations, and wrested the flourishing laurels from the enemy. *Hood* might boast of his thousands—but *RODNEY* of his ten thousands. The people of Westminster loudly acclaimed his matchless merit, and would not suffer any boaster to despoil the hero of his honour!

and hailed the youthful hero in their song.

14 The *glaziers* also rejoiced, and the *tallow Chandlers*, that day were filled with gladness.

15 The *taverns* attuned their melody even until the morning star appeared.

16 And when the sun arose, the people lay down to rest.

17 ¶ On that night could not the *Levite* sleep in a sound skin.

18 And he caused to be brought before him the book of the *Chronicles*, in which were recorded the acts of *Basse* and *Macquirk*, in the days of *Glyne* and *Proctor*.

19 And he found it recorded that these twain had been condemned to die at the bar of the Old Bailey.

20 For bestowing a blow, with a certain bludgeon, at *Brentford-Butts*.

21 Also he read in the records of *Bromesfield*, the Surgeon, and his *sage* brethren of the dissecting-club,

22 Who were wiser in their generation than those who found guilty the riotors.

23 That those heroes were redeemed from the tree at the fiat of the then minister.

24 Also the *Levite* cast his aged eyes over a book called the *blow*, which although fathered upon

Foote

Parson Horne's Lamentation.

Foot the fond fool of fame,

25 Was peradventure the production of the fable high Priest of Brentford himself.

26 ¶ And when he had read, he took up his parable, and cried, saying;

27 Behold, for the space of twenty years hath this generation of vipers grieved me.

28 Yet have not I appeared to the people more subtle than any prest which the Lord Bishop hath made?

29 I will therefore arise, and call together my hounds, to hunt the *Fox* in the forest.

30 ¶ And when he again had sounded the *Horne*, he took up his lamentation, saying:

30 Wo, wo, wo, to the *Fox*, and his friends, by reason of their oppression.

32 Wherefore should I dwell in the tents of the temple, and sojourn amid the *Diversions of Purley*!

33 Yet cannot I be called to the bar as a pleader.

34 I have put on my gown and cassock, and how shall I cast them off.

35 The hand of a bishop marked me like an *haddock*, as he gave me the *sop*, Satan entered!

36 O when shall I be crowned with a *coif*? when shall I hear from the bench, *behold, I spy a brother*?

37 But I have taken in hand the gospel plough, and am looking back to the *law*!

38 Let *asses ears* grow instead of *Hornes*, and *cuckolds* come up instead of *cauliflowers*. The words of John are ended.

C H A P. XXII.

Powel's report—Peter's Parables.

Pindar's pension anticipated. The discovery and disappointment of the poet.

NOW it came to pass, after the tragedy, that the Royal Farmer, cried to the chief Butler, saying;

2 Who is he that cometh with good tidings from the metropolis?

3 And the Butler said, lo, I see one coming to the forest.

4 The King said, if he is alone, there are tidings in his mouth.

5 The butler again looked, and said;

6 Me thinketh his *pace* is like the walking of *Powel* the son of *peregrination*.

7 And Farmer George answered, he is a good traveller, and cometh with news.

8 ¶ Now when *Powel* was come, he cried aloud, all is well.

9 And the chief butler said, but how went the election at Westminster?

10 And the *walker* answered and said; thy servant beheld *Townsend* exalted, and *Hood* cast out of the city.

11 Also the captains of the wily weavers, and the captains of the sailors are slain in the battle.

12 Then said the Royal Farmer, lo, the hermit is a *true man*, and also a *spy*.

13 ¶ Then again *Peter Pindar* took up his parable, anticipating a pension.

14 In these days are many politicians in the land.

16 Is not *Sam House* risen from the dead?

17 Now also the *millenium's* star approacheth us, though more distant than thy *Georgian Sidus*.

18 Yea

The Royal Brewer.

18 Yea also are many prophets in Albion, but none of them deserveth a *pension*, save Peter Pindar.

19 Lo, he is a ready rhymers; with his *dogrel* devices he toucheth the conscience of the King.

20 Shall the bard rhyme forever, without the meed of the mighty monarch;

21 Whom he hath sung at the *Brewhouse* and *Blackheath*, also at the Wells of *Cheltenham*?

22 *Lemuel Logography* is no more his Printer, whose journeymen no longer sue him for their wages in Guildhall.

23 Yet hath *Catch-penny* another printer, whose preps groaneth with Pindar's production.

24 Every particle of the dust driven in thy face, O Royal Farmer, on the morning of *Blackheath* battle,

25 Is numbered in his book, with all thy words.

26 Behold, the mighty man called not upon the sun to stand still upon the Cantian mountains, nor the moon in the valley of Greenwich.

27 For, lo, he awakened with the lark, and returned from the slaughter, even before the nobles of the land retired to rest, in the morning after their dancing.

28 ¶ If thou verily hast acquired the art of *malt-mixing*, and knowest the boiling of the hop,

29 O cast not in the *poison* of *Benjamin* into the *Vat*; his *berries* destroy the porter-drinkers at the *Barley-mow*.

30 ¶ But, behold, thy chief butler will say unto thy humble hermit,

31 Where is the light of thy *mil-lenium star*?

32 Thou *fool*, hast thou never read in *Woodfall's* chronicle,

Sundry sage sayings.

33 That he who sitteth chief on the wool-sack, said its light is not yet arrived at our globe.

34 He also called thy merchants *princes*, and thy traders the *excellent ones* of the earth.

35 ¶ And the butler answered and said; are these things so?

36 Then how numerous are thy princes O Albion! and thy excellent ones, O great metropolis!

37 For from him that dealeth in *brick-dust* in bags, even to him who dealeth in the *dust of ophir* in ships are all accounted traders.

38 So may also the hawkers and higlers of the streets, be called princes, and the damsels of the *gate*, the excellent ones, according to the words from the *Wool-Sack*.

39 ¶ Again Peter replied, saying:

40 How numerous also, O chief butler, are the priests and preachers among the people?

41 Cast thy eye upon the *Metropolitan*, and behold on his head the emblem of *cloven tongues*.

42 Look also into *Little Zoar*, and see the *Antinomian Methodist* in a plain peruke.

C H A P. XXIII.

Peter breaks off his parable abruptly.

He retires to the cave on seeing

Dinah. The complaint of the dam-

sel. Roger Rimmon accused.—

The discovery of the plot. The

Cornish Baronet recognizes Pin-
dar's gnomon.

THE supposed hermit of the cave, while yet talking with the chief butler,

2 Lift up his eyes, and saw Dinah at a small distance, coming towards the forest.

3 And while the chief butler was talking to the messenger from the metropolis

The damsel's charge.

metropolis, even Powel, who was wont to walk for a wager,

4 Peter slyly ran into the cave, and covered himself with moss in the inward cell.

5 Leaving the Royal Farmer to find out the *plot* of his play, if any was to be discovered.

6 ¶ Now it came to pass, that Dinah the dear damsel came to the forest, attended by *Phoebe* and *Merryman*, but without milk in her pail.

7 And she cried aloud, and wept sore in the hearing of the Royal Farmer, saying;

8 O master, help thy handmaiden, for lo, the hermit hath already almost *humbled* her!

9 And she shewed the skirt of the garment, which the dogs had tore, when Peter was leaping over the stile.

10 ¶ And it came to pass, as the damsel was yet speaking,

11 That Roger Rimmon, the real hermit, came to the mouth of the cave,

12 Not knowing whither his brother Peter had fled; for he missed him.

13 And Dinah, as soon as she saw Roger, ran to the cave and collared him.

14 And when she had drawn him forward to the forest, and set him in the midst of the company,

15 She cried, behold this is the *ravisher*!

19 Now Roger was mute as a lamb for he was no orator;

17 And when the *virgins* again accused him, he said not a word.

18 And they all marvelled at his taciturnity, and said, lo, the eloquent hermit hath lost his tongue.

19 And the chief butler said unto Peter, behold, am not I able to promote thee to high honour?

Dinah kisses the book.

20 And when the hermit kneeled, all the company believed, that he would rise *Sir Roger*,

21 And Dinah again held up the piece, and lo, it fitted the garment which the hermit had put on.

22 The chief butler said, canst thou swear to the conjuror, O fair daughter?

23 And she said yea, verily, for of a truth this is the man who would have humbled thy *hand-maid*

24 ¶ And it came to pass, that a certain *parson*, in whom were united the civil and sacerdotal characters,

25 Held up the book to the damsel, to the end she might kiss it with her lips.

26 And when the daughter of Devonshire kissed the book, the mouth of the chief butler watered;

27 Saying, would to heaven, that I also could be called an *Evangelist*.

28 Now when Dinah had told her tale of the conjuror, and Merryman with Phoebe again sported, wagging their tails,

29 The butler spake unto Roger, saying,

30 Go to, and answer for thyself touching the matter.

31 The hermit therefore opened his mouth, and spake, saying;

32 Lo, verily I am not guilty concerning the damsel.

33 For I am old and without strength for ravishing; neither doth desire remain with me, as in times past.

34 The milk of the maiden have I tasted; her fair hand also have I touched ten times three, save one,

35 Even while she listened to mine augruing, and smiled when I prophesied of an husband.

36 Howbeit, I never yet tasted even her lips, excepting in a vision.

Behold

Roger is not the conjuror.

37 Behold the days of my dalliance are far fled away for ever!

38 I have made a covenant with mine eyes, and I know not now the way of a man with a maid.

39 While Roger Rimmon yet opened his mouth, and wagged his grey beard to the merriment of the Royal Farmer,

40 The chief butler cried with a pleasant voice; lo, this is not the hermit who drew the picture of the election of Westminster, and spake his sage parables.

41 And the Royal Master said; the beard and garment are the conjuror's, but the voice is that of a stranger.

42 But Dinah the more affirmed and swore, that he was the man who behaved unseemly, and wanting to work folly in Albion, kicked down the pail and spilled the milk.

43 And while all the company much marvelled, behold, Phœbe and Merryman barked at the mouth of the mossy cell.

44 The chief butler attended to their voice, and sent a servant to see what hunted hare, or cunning fox had retreated to the cave.

45 And the young man when he entered the inner cavern, beheld one whom he supposed to be the true conjuror, writing rhymes.

46 And as he looked, the bard read his pleasant poetry, and prevented his return to the butler.

47 Who sent also a second servant to the cave, and he also was enchanted with the tale of the poet.

48 And the butler sent yet another servant, and he tarried also: still he sent other young men, even 'till he had sent seven.

49 When the Royal Farmer wondered, he called the chief butler himself, and these twain walked together, being agreed, to the mouth of the cell, singing:

The song of the Farmer.

50 O may our weary age in the end discover this peaceful hermitage;

51 Even where we may sit and count the stars of the sky, and trace the virtues of the plants and herbs of the field.

52 So carolling, entered they the cavern, and beheld Peter Pindar, and heard his song.

C H A P. XXIV.

The poet's song. Peter is known.

The Cornish Baronet salutes the nose of the bard, &c.

O DINAH, thou damsel of Devon's vale.

2 Dearer to me than even the fair *Duchess*;

3 How shall thy once blythsome but now blushing bard,

4 Be bold to view thy fair face, which not the fragrant field can match, nor the painter's pencil, nor the poet's pen emulate!

5 O dearest damsel, is the discovery to dismay me? Are those eyes, which often charmed, now to blast thy bard?

6 Ye goddesses of the sylvan scene, and all ye gods of *Grub-Street* aid thy bard, and in this distressful dilemma, deliver him.

7 He asketh not a brow of brass, nor a tongue of silver, nor words like apples of gold.

8 The favour of the Royal Farmer whom he hath defamed, and the love of Dinah which she denied,

9 Are all the boons of your bounty, which your bard begs to be bestowed

10 ¶ Now it came to pass, as the poet lift up his eyes from his manuscript, that he beheld the Royal Farmer, and bluihes bursted through his brazen brow.

11 Lo, the enchantment broke, and the dogs barked, whilst the seven servants of the butler obeyed their master, by dragging Peter Pindar forth from the cave.

The bard discovered.

12 Now when he was carried to the circle, which he himself had drawn in the forest,

13 A certain *Spectator* bowed unto him, saying;

14 Wherefore fledst thou away, O *Peter Pindar*!

15 Even before thou hadst closed thy parables?

16 And it came to pass, when *Peter* saw that he was no longer unknown,

17 That he opened his mouth but was prevented from utterance,

18 By *Phoebe* and *Merryman*, who again opened also,

19 *Dinah* lifted up her voice, and said:

20 Behold, O Royal Master, the man who strove with me, in the matter of the milk-pail.

21 But the magistrate, whose book she had kissed,

22 Anticipated her tuneful tale, saying;

23 Behold, art thou about to bear false witness against the hermit?

24 Already hast thou opened thy mouth, and thou canst not accuse another.

25 ¶ It came to pass, as all the spectators made merry,

26 That a certain Baronet of the land of *Tin*, took *Peter Pindar* by the projecting *gnomon* of his face;

27 Even as aforetime he had done, as it is written in the records.

28 And the Cornish Knight cried aloud, saying;

Dinah's discovery.

29 Behold, *this*, even *this*, is the nose of *Peter Pindar*;

30 ¶ Now *Peter* stood speechless, and answered not a word, either in plain prose or sublime poetry.

31 The Royal Farmer bowed, and departed to Cheltenham, with his spouse and children.

32 The chief butler, led *Dinah* down the hill, to his mansion.

33 When *Peter's* tongue was loosed, he said;

34 Surely there is no enchantment against *George*, nor divination against the Royal Farmer!

35 ¶ Now the rest of the acts of *Peter Pindar*, and all that he did, and the rhymes which he wrote at *Worcester*, on the *Royal Farmer*;

36 Also his ode on the *Vignorian Virgins*, his madrigal on *Miss Martin*, and his muse *Susan*;

37 Moreover his history of the *Hermit of Hagley*, the comely *Kitty* of *Kidderminster*, and the beauty of *Bewdley*;

38 With his song of the *forcerefs* of *Old Swinford*, and the woful hunting on the *beath*;

39 His return to the metropolis, and all his intrigues with the *damsels* and *Dinah*,

40 Are they not written in the *Second Book of the Royal Chronicles*, by *Ishmael Zaphnaphpaaniah Zerubbabel*, when he sojourned in the land of *Albion*.

F I N I S.